

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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Cigarettes




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**DRY SACK**

The World Famous  
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**COURVOISIER**  
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The Brandy of Napoleon





*The symbol of all that is best  
and enjoyable in good tobacco*

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES AND TOBACCO



*The English Way of Life . . . No. 8 in a Series*

## ‘Jack on the Green...’

Bowling greens abound in England. Smooth shaven squares of turf where solid shirt-sleeved citizens perform intently their careful rite about the Jack. These leisurely gatherings of quietly self-confident players are as typical of an English summer as strawberries and cream. The poised concentration and precise skill demanded by this meticulous pastime have long appealed to Englishmen since the day Sir Francis Drake quietly finished his game of bowls before sailing out of Plymouth to defeat the Spanish Armada.

Throughout their history Englishmen have firmly believed that freedom to enjoy their own way of life is well worth defending. History has also taught them that the right equipment is essential for this task. It was not cool courage and calm confidence which defeated the Armada—those qualities had to be backed by efficient sea power. The English ships were faster, easier to manoeuvre, than the larger, clumsier Spanish galleons.

Today air power is vital for defence. An inescapable truth that explains the national importance of the Hawker Siddeley Group of Companies in Britain. This great consortium of men, machines and aeronautical genius, the largest organisation of its kind in the world, concentrated on the design and construction of aircraft, gas turbines, rockets, guided weapons and missiles. Each month a steady stream of new jet aircraft and engines pour out of Hawker Siddeley Group factories in both Britain and the Commonwealth.

Here are a few of the proven and perfected instruments of defence which bear Group Company names: the Hawker Hunter, first line interceptor for the R.A.F. and N.A.T.O.; the Gloster Javelin all-weather fighter; the Avro Vulcan—world's first Delta wing bomber; the brilliant Armstrong Siddeley Sapphire—world's most successful turbo-jet engine. The precise perfection of Group products like these insures that there will be always time for a game of bowls in an England that will always be free.

## Hawker Siddeley Group

18 St. James's Square, London, S.W.1

PIONEER...AND WORLD LEADER IN AVIATION

MACH III—"The Heat Barrier." Britain's aircraft industry has now passed beyond the "Sound Barrier" to the "Heat Barrier." The Hawker Siddeley Group's new 10,000 h.p. supersonic wind tunnel produces a perfect shock-free stream of air at Mach III. This is within the range of the "Heat Barrier"—speeds at which heat, generated by motion through the air, distorts aircraft structures and bars air-breathing engines. Developed by Armstrong Whitworth at a cost of about £200,000, it will be used for testing rockets, advanced jet engines, guided missiles, and the coming generation of 2,000 m.p.h. aircraft.





# 80% Less Engine Wear

## with new BP Special Energol

### 'VISCO-STATIC' MOTOR OIL

**It guards against the dangerous 5 minutes every time you start**

**M**OTORISTS all over Britain are talking about the wonderful new motor oil—BP Special Energol 'VISCO-STATIC'. It saves 80% of engine wear. This has been proved by the new radio-active wear detector which actually measures wear while the engine is running. BP Special Energol also cuts petrol consumption by up to 12%, and gives you easier starting than you have ever known. These are claims no car owner can ignore. What is so different about this new oil? How does it work? Here are the answers.

#### The dangerous 5 minutes

For 5 minutes after every cold start any engine lubricated with conventional oil *suffers more wear than in about 6 hours steady running*. The reason is that conventional oils are too thick when cold to give immediate lubrication and a full flow of oil to the cylinders. So the engine runs virtually dry just when it needs oil most of all.

BP Special Energol prevents this heavy starting wear in two ways. First, it flows so easily when cold that it gives full oil circulation the moment the engine starts. Second, it guards against corrosion while the engine is not running.

#### Amazing new property

Instantaneous oil circulation with BP Special Energol is the result of an amazing new property. This oil is as thin when cold as the thinnest winter oil you can buy. Yet it is as thick when hot as are the grades normally recommended for summer use, at the same temperature.

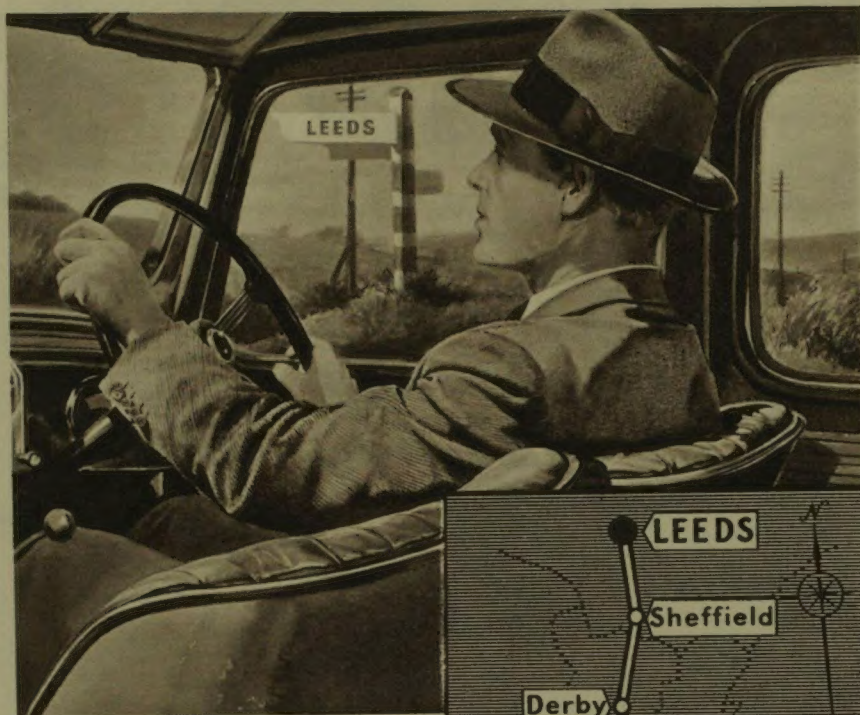
Here at last is an oil that not only lubricates completely in freezing cold but also gives complete protection in summer heat and hard running conditions. This is why BP Special Energol reduces engine wear by 80%.

This new oil is for use all the year round, in all 4-stroke engines in good condition for which an oil from S.A.E.10W to S.A.E.40 is recommended. Now there is no need to change your grade of oil with change of season.

#### Saves

#### up to 12% on petrol

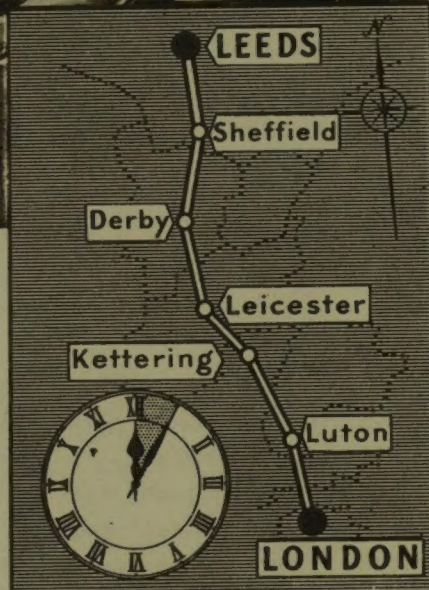
Because BP Special Energol reduces oil drag when the engine is warming up, you will find you need less choke. The reduction in oil drag and use of the choke will cut your petrol consumption. Saving can be as high as 12% in start and stop runs in towns. Even on average running you can expect at least 5% saving. This saving alone more than repays the extra cost of BP Special Energol.



#### London to Leeds

#### EVERY TIME YOU START

In the first 5 minutes after starting from cold any engine lubricated with conventional oil suffers more wear than in about 6 hours steady running — that is, more wear than on a non-stop run from London to Leeds! This is because conventional oil is too thick to reach vital parts at the top of the cylinder bores. Result — cylinder walls and piston rings are virtually dry and suffer severe wear. But BP Special Energol flows freely even in extreme cold. It gives full oil circulation from the moment the engine starts.



#### Striking improvement in starting

The first thing you notice when you change to BP Special Energol is a striking improvement in starting from cold. Once again it's because this new oil flows easily when cold. The engine springs to life immediately and runs as if it were already warmed up. Performance is noticeably livelier during the warming up period. And of course your battery is under less strain.

#### Only for engines in good condition

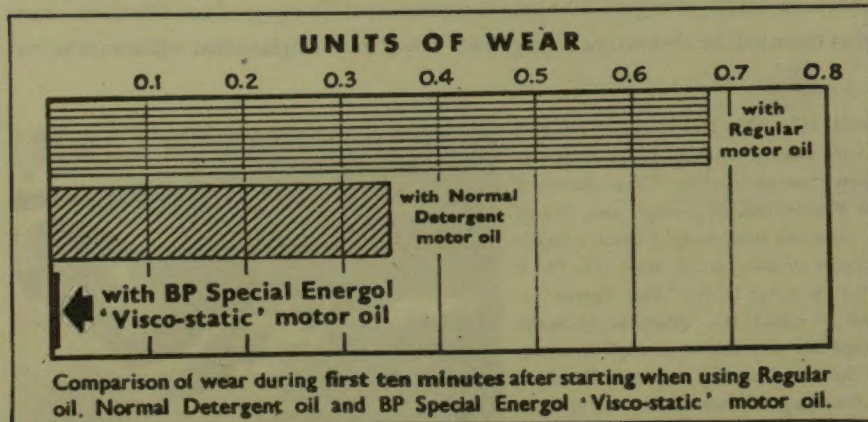
BP Special Energol is only for engines in good condition. If yours is worn and shortly in need of overhaul you will do best to use the recommended grade of normal

BP Energol. If in any doubt ask your garage manager.

#### How to change to BP Special Energol

Because BP Special Energol is a completely different kind of oil be sure to make a complete change-over. Do not top up your existing oil with BP Special Energol. Drain and refill with the new oil, run for 500 miles, then drain and refill again. From then on the oil should be changed at the normal change periods recommended for your engine.

Ask for BP Special Energol at garages where you see the BP Shield. This oil is coloured red for easy identification and sold only in sealed packages.



**SPECIAL ENERGOL 'VISCO-STATIC' MOTOR OIL IS A PRODUCT OF THE BRITISH PETROLEUM COMPANY LIMITED**

*'Visco-static' is a trade-mark of The British Petroleum Company Limited*



# There's no substitute for a **LAND- ROVER**

Ferrying men and materials over the scarred and pitted surfaces of a building site . . . towing loads of two tons up and down rutted country lanes . . . acting as a personal runabout for farmer or factory manager . . . these are but a few examples of Land-Rover versatility. And when fitted with centre or rear power take-off, the vehicle can become a mobile power unit or stationary engine. No wonder Land-Rovers are busy making mole-hills out of mountains in almost every country in the world.

*Four-wheel drive  
won't take 'No Road'  
for an answer!*

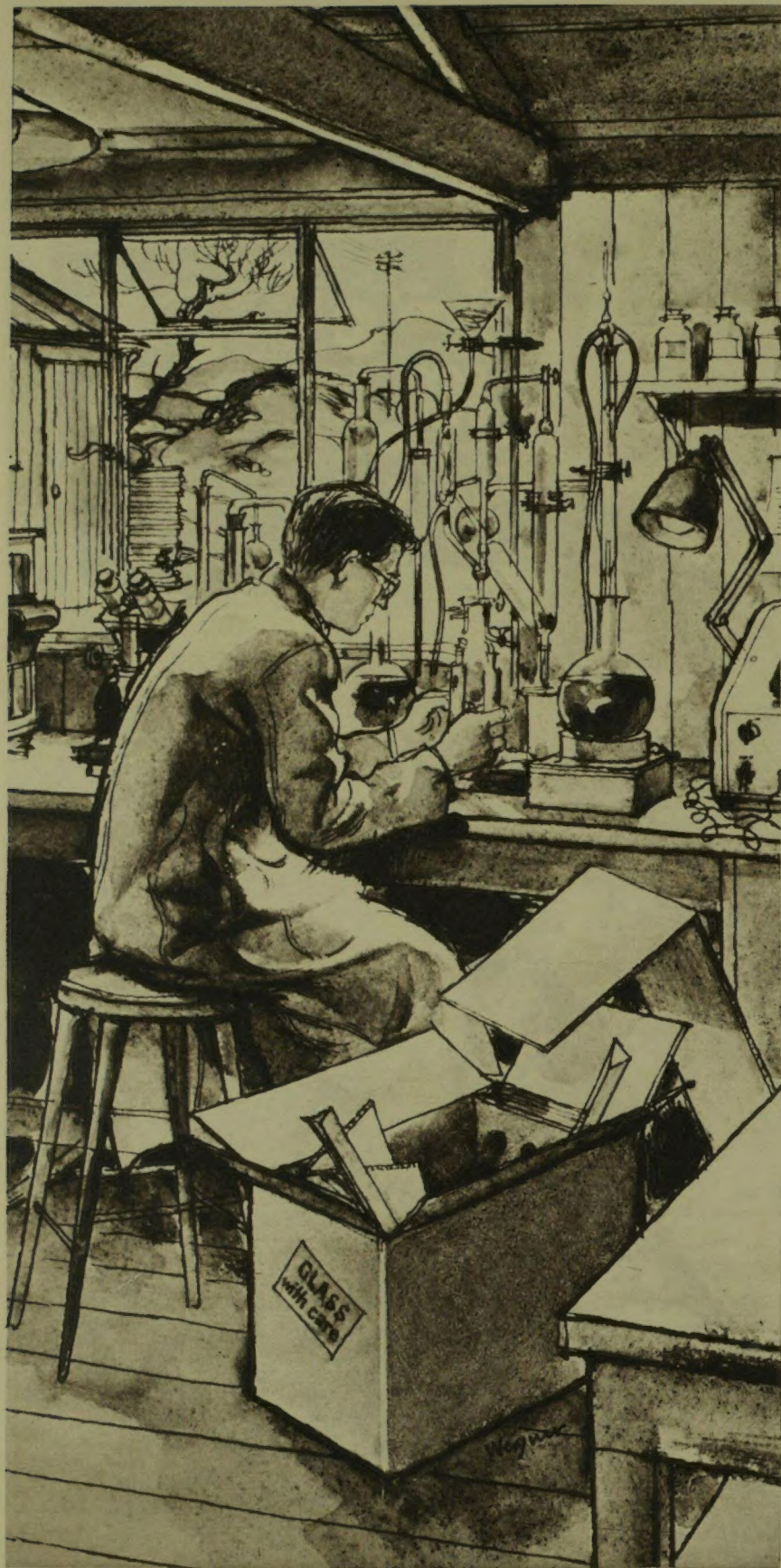


86" Wheelbase Standard Model with detachable hood and side screens.

Photos by courtesy of the R.T.S.C. Group.

- **FOUR-WHEEL DRIVE\***
- **EIGHT SPEEDS FORWARD AND TWO REVERSE**
- **SPECIAL LONG-LIFE ENGINE FEATURES**
- **TOWS A 2-TON LOAD WITH EASE**





## Spun glass for the professor

The professor has a theory. If he's right a life may be saved. But to complete his experiments he requires a delicate piece of apparatus. Now it has arrived, after a hundred and twenty mile journey by road and rail. And what's more important, it's entire and whole and perfect—thanks to British packaging.

Over half the packaging board produced in Britain is

made by Thames Board Mills. And as life becomes more and more complex, as more and more delicate articles are sent longer and longer distances, so will the demand for "Thames Board" and "Fiberite" cases increase. Vital indeed is the part that Thames Board Mills have to play in the nation's economy.



## Thames Board Mills Limited

THE LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF BOARD AND PACKING CASES IN BRITAIN

PURFLEET, ESSEX AND WARRINGTON, LANCs

"THAMES BOARD" for cartons, boxes, bookbinding, etc.  
"FIBERITE" Packing Cases in solid and corrugated fibreboard.

## TO GET TO HER OFFICE SHE GOES TO SEA



MISS D. W. MACAIRE, Stenographer aboard the P & O Steamship 'Chusan'

WHAT a charming smile! May I have six tuppenny ha'p'ny stamps, two fourpennies and a shilling one? And have you any nice foreign stamps for my little boy? Or, look, you people must get all *sorts* of mail, do you think you could *save* a few for me? Thank you. And could you tell me what time we dock at Bombay, I wonder? Oh, was that the dinner gong? Goodness, I must rush. I'll come back again tomorrow.

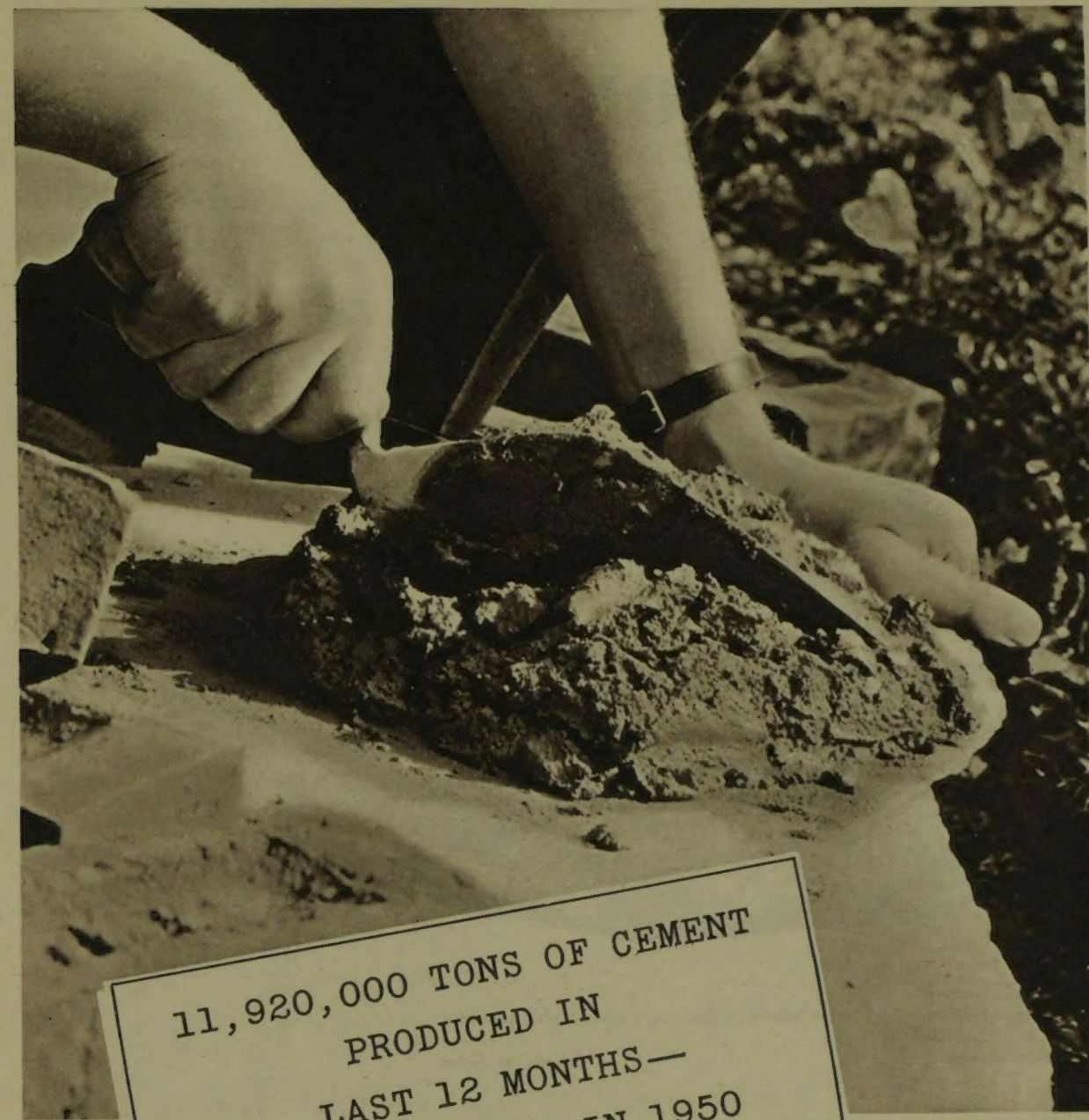
Still smiling miss? Here are a dozen more enquiries . . . Six Marconigrams . . . a list of victualling stores to copy . . . the crew's National Insurance Record to check . . . an arrival passenger manifest to type. And the Captain wants to dictate some letters. *Still* smiling? Of course, for you are Miss D. W. Macaire, Stenographer aboard the P & O Steamship, CHUSAN. You are young, you are trained; you love your job and the people you meet. What's more you are proud to know that the ship needs you—and the P & O ships are a Commonwealth lifeline.

Operating from 122 Leadenhall St., London, E.C.3, the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company links Britain and Britons with the Mediterranean, Egypt, Pakistan, India, Ceylon, Australia, Malaya and the Far East.

**P & O**

A COMMONWEALTH LIFELINE





11,920,000 TONS OF CEMENT  
PRODUCED IN  
LAST 12 MONTHS—  
22% MORE THAN IN 1950

**... it's part of Britain's progress,  
to which The English Electric Company  
contributes at home *and abroad* ...**

**F**ULL employment, increased production, building activity everywhere, more goods in our shops and homes — here's striking evidence of Britain's economic progress.

Since 1949, Britain's industrial output has risen by 20% and the value of British exports has gone up by 42%.

More goods at home, more of the exports the country depends on ... mean *better living for Britain*. In both ways ENGLISH ELECTRIC is playing a vital part.

Production needs power. Fifty power stations have been brought into commission by the Central Electricity Authority since April, 1948; output of current has risen by 60%. For these power stations, many of the turbines, generators, transformers and other equipment were provided by ENGLISH ELECTRIC.

And ENGLISH ELECTRIC makes the motors and other

electrical gear by which industries *use* this energy for production.

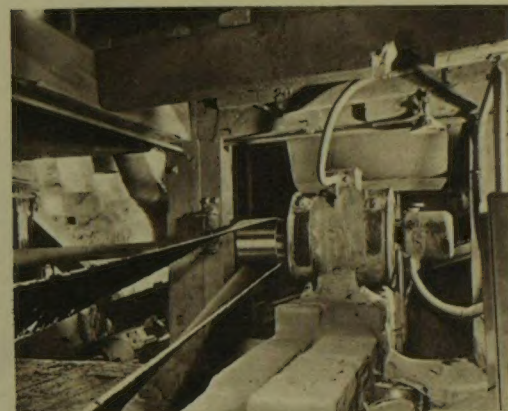
#### Export Success

Moreover, ENGLISH ELECTRIC is a vigorous exporter of heavy equipment — and of engineering skill. *Approximately half the Group's business is overseas*. All over the world, ENGLISH ELECTRIC is earning foreign currencies for Britain — and a reputation that helps all British exports.

World-wide experience is a precious asset: lessons learned in one job may avoid difficulties in another, far distant. The co-ordination of experience with its great technical and manufacturing resources enables ENGLISH ELECTRIC to play its important part — at home and abroad — in Britain's economic progress.



**POWER FOR INDUSTRY.** This 60,000-h.p. steam turbine generating set is one of six supplied by ENGLISH ELECTRIC to Whitebirk Power Station in Blackburn, which provides power for Lancashire industries.



**POWER IN INDUSTRY.** An ENGLISH ELECTRIC 85-h.p. screen-protected motor drives a Kennedy crushing machine in the Groby Granite Quarries. ENGLISH ELECTRIC motors are used to drive machinery in a great variety of industries in Britain and all over the world.



**DEVELOPING MARKETS OVERSEAS.** An ENGLISH ELECTRIC 1,440-b.h.p., 600-r.p.m. diesel engine is unpacked at Accra, Gold Coast, where three similar engines and two of 558 b.h.p. are installed in the power house.

#### To YOUNG MEN and their PARENTS

To any boy or young man considering a career in science or engineering, ENGLISH ELECTRIC offers almost unlimited opportunities. As a student or graduate apprentice, he will receive first-class training under excellent conditions, and can look forward to a choice of stimulating and rewarding jobs, at home or abroad, in this great organization. For details of ENGLISH ELECTRIC training schemes, please write to the Central Personnel Department.

**'ENGLISH ELECTRIC'**  
bringing you better living







BY APPOINTMENT  
TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN  
MEDALLISTS

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ESTABLISHED  
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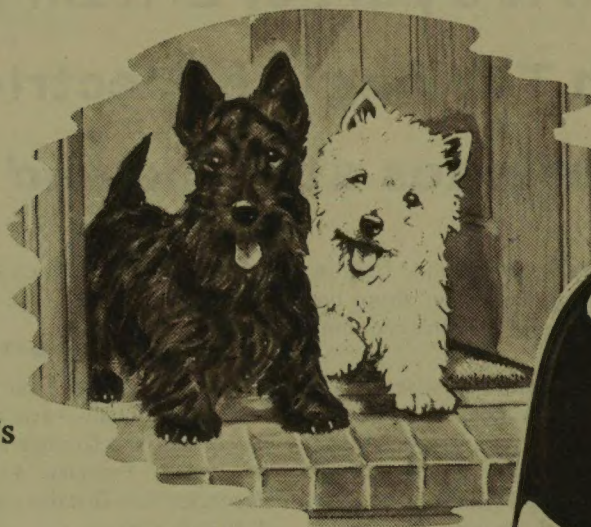
Persian halberd blade in iron with bronze handle; a lion, on a zoomorphic juncture..

From Luristan, c. 9th century B.C.

Length, 7½ inches.

## For a friendly Greeting...

You can offer your guests no friendlier welcome than a glass of "Black & White." Blended in a special way from the pick of Scotland's whiskies. "Black & White" is the outstanding example of just how good Scotch Whisky can be.



By Appointment  
Scotch Whisky Distillers  
to Her Majesty the Queen  
James Buchanan & Co. Ltd.

# 'BLACK & WHITE'

## SCOTCH WHISKY

*The Secret is in the Blending*





'The English,' they used to ask, 'are they human?'  
 Since the war the Rank Organisation has made  
 a series of outstanding film comedies proving to the world  
 that indeed they are human—a nation possessing  
 amusing shortcomings peculiar to themselves.

## The Jester gets a new look

### SEEING THE FUNNY SIDE

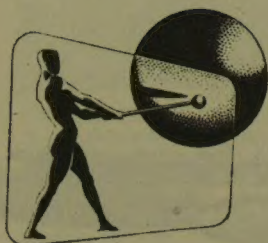
British fads, frailties and institutions have, in fact, provided the Rank Organisation with material for comedies quite unlike those produced anywhere else. They have been the source of a distinctively fresh approach to this type of screen entertainment—with themes ranging from the antics of medical students to those of veteran-car enthusiasts.

Some have thought that subjects so typically British would not find a welcome overseas. But resounding success the world over for such films as *GENEVIEVE* and *DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE*, shows that these bright and original comedies are record-breakers *wherever* they are shown.

### MOTLEY MADE TO MEASURE

The latest in a brilliant line of comedies which started with Ealing Studios' *PASSPORT TO PIMLICO* and *KIND HEARTS AND CORONETS*, is *TOUCH AND GO*, starring Jack Hawkins in his first comedy role. This too finds its humour in the milder forms of British eccentricity, and like many Rank Organisation comedies was specially written for the screen: in this case, by William Rose, who wrote the script for *GENEVIEVE*.

In its search for ingenious themes and its use of local colour, the Rank Organisation has given a refreshing new look to British film comedy: an amusing slice of the British way of life to be relished both at home and in an ever-growing market throughout the world.



**THE RANK ORGANISATION**





# WINTER IN ITALY



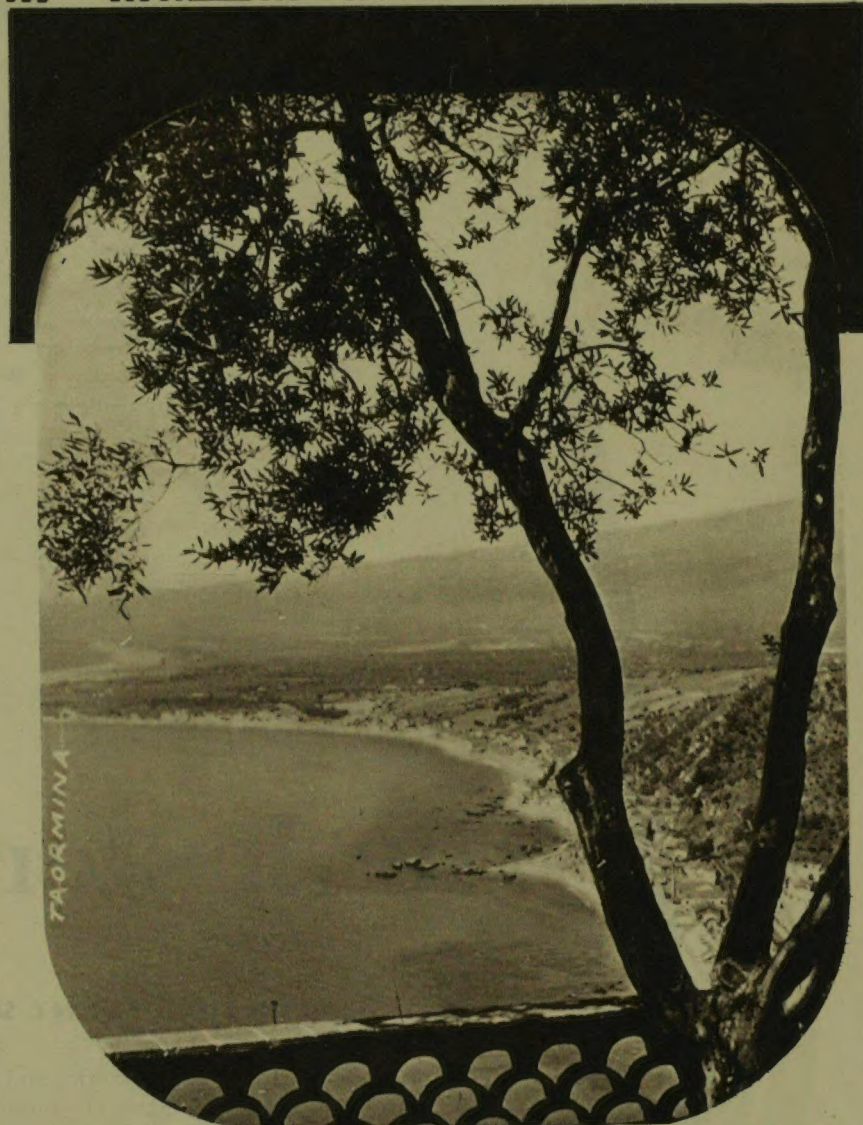
. . . along the sunlit and fabulous coasts  
of the Ligurian Riviera, of the Bay of Naples  
and of the Islands of Sicily.

**YOU WILL FIND THAT IN ITALY YOU  
GET FULL VALUE FOR YOUR MONEY**



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Sicily by*  
**ALITALIA**

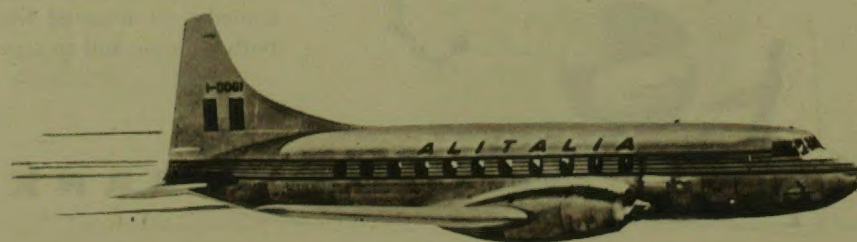


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Every comfort and Italy's friendly courtesy with you on board.

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**LONDON - MILAN - ROME - CATANIA**  
(immediate coach connection to Taormina)  
(Monday—Thursday—Saturday)

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# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1955.



**H.M.S. CUMBERLAND TAKES A SHOWER-BATH: TESTING AN ANTI-ATOMIC DEVICE TO WASH RADIOACTIVE PARTICLES FROM HER DECKS AND SUPERSTRUCTURE DURING HER RECENT MEDITERRANEAN TRIALS.**

The Royal Navy's trials cruiser H.M.S. *Cumberland* returned to Devonport on September 28 after tests off Malta. During these trials many new anti-atomic devices were tested, including a new rapid-firing anti-aircraft gun, designed to provide the inner defence against jet aircraft for the guided missile fleet. The rate of fire of this radar-controlled gun compares favourably with that of a heavy machine-gun. A further measure to counteract the

effect of atomic attack is the automatic system for washing the ship to remove the radioactive "fall-out" following an atomic explosion. The system can be seen operating in the above photograph. The spray of water, said to exceed in intensity the heaviest tropical downpour, continually washes all weather surfaces of the ship during and after exposure to nuclear attack. While the system is operating the ship is controlled from between decks.





By ARTHUR BRYANT.

ONE man's meat is another man's poison. The headlines in two Sunday newspapers lying side by side illustrated the old adage in an almost ludicrous way. For one caught my eye with the caption "6d. in £ each to help the Empire," and the other, "Treasury Warning to Exporters: Danger in Dependence on Commonwealth Markets." The one referred to a suggestion put forward—surprisingly enough, by a Socialist M.P.—that every wage- and salary-earner should invest 6d. in the £ a week in the development of the Empire. The other was a sympathetic analysis of the Treasury's "Bulletin for Industry," warning British exporters that they should concentrate on selling more to North Africa and Western Europe and less to "the easier and more protected Commonwealth markets on which many of them have been increasingly dependent."\*

Take first the advocate of Empire trade. Speaking at the Annual Conference of the Chemical Workers' Union, of which he is General Secretary, Mr. Robert Edwards declared: "The future of full employment in Britain may well depend on development of the Commonwealth's tremendous untapped resources. The 23,000,000 people employed in Britain earn together nearly £9,000,000,000 in wages and salaries. A tiny percentage of this sum paid each year into a Commonwealth savings pool would be enough to launch great new projects in the undeveloped lands of the Commonwealth. If we took as a starting point 6d. in the £ per week, over £200,000,000 per year could be raised for this purpose."† This sum, which would be invested in the Commonwealth and Empire by a Commonwealth Economic Commission, would carry tax-free interest at 2½ per cent. and serve the double purpose of encouraging saving and investment in this country and of developing the resources of our colonial territories for the mutual benefit of their own people and ours. It would help, Mr. Edwards maintained, to establish balanced economies in these young countries at present under our protection and render it unnecessary for their peoples to seek security elsewhere. It would go far to ending Britain's "permanent economic crisis." "The alternative," he said, "is to maintain the present position of fighting a losing battle in the export markets of the world and becoming increasingly dependent on American loans. There is no future for the British workers based on Britain's present economic policy of relying on exports."‡ The meeting approved Mr. Edwards' proposals, which were put to it in the form of a resolution and apparently carried the latter by a large majority. Nothing could be more eloquent of the change in working-class feeling about the Commonwealth and Empire that has occurred in the last twenty years. The Empire, formerly the preserve of Edwardian High Tories, has become the common heritage and economic lifeline of Britain's workers or, at any rate, of Britain's chemical workers. We are sometimes told that the leaders of our Trade Unions are stolid and unimaginative, and that they are unconstructive and negative in their ideas. No one can level that charge against the Chemical Workers' Union and their spirited General Secretary, the Member for Bilston.

Now let us turn to the considered views of her Majesty's Treasury as expressed by the anonymous but learned authors of its "Bulletin for Industry." Analysing post-war trends in the world trade, they point out, quite correctly, that the reason why Britain's share of world trade has been falling while the share of other countries like the United States and Germany has been rising, is that Britain has been concerned too much in selling to the primary-producing countries—that is, to backward lands like Australia and New Zealand—and too little to the manufacturing countries. It is the latter who, according to recent trade figures, have been growing proportionately richer, and so buying more largely, while the wealth of the former has been expanding far more slowly. While trade between the manufacturing countries has increased since 1948 by 57 per cent., that between

manufacturing countries and primary-producing countries has only increased by 38 per cent. We should, therefore, it seems, in the view of the Treasury, hitch our national wagon to the manufacturing markets of wealthy Europe and North America and not concern ourselves too much with the "traditional" markets provided by our own more rustic kith and kin in the still half-virgin and under-populated lands of the Commonwealth.

Looked at solely from the point of view of abstract economies, whatever they may be, I am sure the Treasury is right. It is staffed by exceedingly able and highly-educated men with a wonderful technical mastery over figures, to whose service and that of the country their entire lives are selflessly and devotedly given. Yet my sympathies in this matter are entirely with the Chemical Workers' Union, and not only my sympathies, but, such as they are, my reasoning powers. It is not only my heart that makes me warm to Mr. Edwards' proposal but my head. For I do not believe that figures alone are an adequate guide for the policy of a nation. They are an admirable, indeed indispensable, mechanism for ascertaining what is happening or has happened, but are of no use at all as a mechanical directive for deciding what ought to happen. They do not take into account the imponderables that evoke greatness in men and nations: with love, faith, loyalty, courage and devotion. The same arguments that the Treasury employs to-day about trading with the peoples who share our common allegiance, tradition and ideals were employed by the Treasury and by financiers and economists a century ago, when Britain and Britons were encouraged to invest in and trade with densely populated and progressive trading communities like Germany, while leaving her English-speaking Empire overseas under-populated and under-developed. Yet in 1914 and 1939 it was Australia and Canada, New Zealand and South Africa that stood by Britain in her hour of peril and adversity, and paid dividends for every penny Britain had invested in them a hundred times greater than for those she had invested in Europe. Without them Britain would have perished; in the winter of 1940-41, but for our Imperial forces in the Middle East, the Axis would have won control of all Southern Asia and Africa. And had we directed more of our capital and trade in the past into those young national communities which were bound to us by such deeply-moving ties of love and spiritual association, there might well have been no war at all, for our influence and power in the world for peace and justice would have been twice as great had the population of the Commonwealth countries been 40,000,000 instead of only 20,000,000. A society of men and women who share the faith and ideals of one's own people, and who are

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO: AN ILLUSTRATION AND QUOTATION FROM "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OF OCTOBER 6, 1855.



"THE ASSAULT ON THE REDAN."

"About half-past twelve, a white flag, hoisted on the Mamelon, gave notice to the English to attack the Great Redan. . . . When it came to my turn, I jumped up and over the parapet, and calling to my men to follow me close and keep together, we rushed across the open ground. . . . The heavy fire of grape and musketry from the flanking batteries swept this space from both sides in a fearful storm, and our men fell rapidly from it. I reached the ditch unhurt, and slid down into it. It was about ten feet deep, and twenty or thirty feet across. . . . We crowded up the scaling ladders which was very difficult to do, as many wounded were trying to come down by them. . . . All this time a fierce hand-to-hand fight was going on within. . . . The Russians had brought up a large force, which occupied the interior defences and traverses, and kept up a murderous fire, which shot down our poor fellows as fast as they could get in. Those on the parapet kept up the heaviest possible fire on the Russians, but suffered terribly from the concentrated aim directed upon them in return."

The assault was finally abandoned after heavy casualties had been sustained.

ready voluntarily to offer their lives and all they have to help preserve them when they are endangered and attacked, is worth so much that it can scarcely be measured in money at all. Yet it would be interesting to try to work out to the nearest £100,000,000—and a valuable exercise for, shall we say, a syndicate study at the Imperial Defence College—the probable additional expenditure and loss which this country would have been involved in had we not enjoyed, as we enjoyed from the moment war broke out in 1914 and 1939, the whole-hearted support and co-operation of the Commonwealth nations. To expand their trade and capital wealth seems, judging not by mere current trade-figures but by overall historical reckoning and judgment over the past half-century, to be a thing so well worth while this country's doing that it ought to be the first thought of every British statesman, industrialist, Trades Union leader, and even economist. The only statesman who appears to me to have been consistently right in this fundamental matter over the past half-century was that great-hearted, far-sighted and unshakable patriot, Leo Amery, who never for one moment forgot this truth, and whose whole life of unseeking service to his country—now, alas, ended—was dedicated to the belief that a great nation cannot be made by a fatalistic deference to trade statistics, but only by making trade statistics conform to what conscience, judgment and interest prompt one to believe is right.

\* Observer, September 25, 1955.

† Sunday Express, September 25, 1955.

‡ Sunday Express, September 25, 1955.



## THE END OF A REIGN IN MOROCCO, AND A FRENCH PROTEST OVER ALGERIA.



ESCORTING THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO INTO RETIREMENT: THE RESIDENT-GENERAL IN MOROCCO, GEN. DE LATOUR (SECOND FROM LEFT), AND OTHER FRENCH OFFICERS.



STEPPING FROM A FRENCH AIRCRAFT AFTER BIDDING HIS COUSIN, THE SULTAN BEN ARAFA, FAREWELL: MOULAY ABDULLAH, TO WHOM THE SULTAN DELEGATED HIS POWERS.

The complex situation in French North Africa which was expected to be partly clarified with the departure of the Sultan of Morocco, Ben Arafa, has instead revealed new problems. No sooner had the Sultan, escorted by the French Resident-General, General Boyer De Latour, and other French officers, been helped with full ceremonial on board a French naval aircraft at Sale Airport for his flight to Tangier and exile, than it was announced that he had delegated the Royal prerogative to a cousin, Moulay Abdullah, instead of to a proposed Council of the



MARKING THE END OF A REIGN: THE THRONE BEING REMOVED FROM THE SULTAN'S PALACE AT RABAT FOLLOWING HIS RETIREMENT INTO EXILE AT TANGIER.



LEADING HIS DELEGATION FROM THE U.N. GENERAL ASSEMBLY AFTER IT HAD AGREED TO DEBATE THE ALGERIAN SITUATION: THE FRENCH FOREIGN MINISTER, M. PINAY.

Throne. On the previous day, September 30, the French delegation to the United Nations, led by the Foreign Minister, M. Pinay, walked out of the General Assembly as a protest against the Assembly's decision to debate the Algerian situation. It was announced later that the French Cabinet had decided to withdraw its permanent delegation from the United Nations for the duration of the present session, and to postpone the visit to Moscow of M. Faure, the Prime Minister, and M. Pinay: Russia having voted in favour of the Algerian debate.



## FROM ARGENTINA TO THE FAROES: A CAMERA RECORD OF FOREIGN NEWS.



WHERE EX-PRESIDENT PERON FOUND SANCTUARY FOR TWELVE DAYS: THE PARAGUAYAN GUNBOAT *PARAGUAY*, WITH A GUARD AT THE GANGPLANK.

On October 2, twelve days after taking refuge in the gunboat *Paraguay* off Buenos Aires, ex-President Peron left for Paraguay in a *Catalina* seaplane of the Paraguay River fleet, which was escorted by two aircraft of the Argentine Fleet Air Force.



A PHOTOGRAPHIC RECORD OF A RARE FEAT: A U.S. MARINE CORPS HELICOPTER AT REST ON THE DECK OF THE TROOP-CARRYING SUBMARINE *SEALION*.

Aircraft have very rarely landed on submarines, and the feat here recorded took place during recent training off North Carolina. The helicopter is a Sikorsky S-55 and the submarine *Sealion* is an amphibious troop-carrying type, carrying 160 men as well as crew.



THE GOVERNOR OF UGANDA, SIR A. COHEN (RIGHT), BEING WELCOMED BY THE THREE REGENTS AT KAMPALA. At the first meeting of the newly-constituted Legislative Council of Uganda, the Governor, Sir Andrew Cohen, announced that October 17 is the date proposed for the return of the Kabaka of Buganda to his own people. He also announced the progress of a new land-tenure policy covering African occupied land.



KING BAUDOUIN OF THE BELGIANS (CENTRE) AT THE UNVEILING OF AN EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF HIS GRANDFATHER (BACKGROUND, LEFT) AT NAMUR.

On September 25, King Baudouin of the Belgians unveiled an equestrian statue of his grandfather, King Albert, which stands at the confluence of the Sambre and Meuse Rivers at Namur. British, French and Belgian troops were present and the parade was headed by a detachment of the 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards, of which King Albert was Colonel-in-Chief.



DISPLAYED OUTSIDE THE MARITIME STATION, GENOA: A COLOSSAL STATUE OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, WHICH THE CITY IS GIVING TO COLUMBUS, OHIO. IT WAS HERE EXHIBITED TO THE PUBLIC BEFORE DESPATCH TO AMERICA.



(LEFT.) DANISH POLICE AND POLICE DOGS EMBARKED IN THE FRIGATE *ROLF KRAKE* AT COPENHAGEN TO DEAL WITH DISTURBANCES IN THE FAROE ISLANDS.

The continued state of disturbance at Klaksvig, in the Faroe Islands, over the withdrawal by the Danish medical authorities of Dr. Halvorsen, led the Danish Government to send on September 28 the frigate *Rolf Krake* with 150 seamen and 50 policemen on board to restore order. In the meanwhile the Minister of Finance, Hr. Kampmann, arrived in the islands by air to mediate. The frigate reached the islands on October 1.



INSPECTING A MODEL OF AN EGYPTIAN AIR FORCE JET FIGHTER AT THE OPENING OF AN ARMED FORCES EXHIBITION AT GEZIRA: COLONEL NASSER (CENTRE).

With other Egyptian Ministers, Colonel Nasser, the Egyptian Prime Minister, attended the opening of an Armed Forces Exhibition at Gezira, where he inspected jet fighter models including that of a De Havilland *Vampire*, shown above. Britain has sold many *Vampire* and *Meteor* jet fighters to the Egyptian Government, and much other fighting equipment including *Centurion* tanks and anti-tank guns.



## W. INDIES HURRICANE DAMAGE: AND NEWS FROM DENMARK, CYPRUS AND ISRAEL.



(ABOVE.) TELEGRAPH POLES SPRAWLING OVER THE ROAD IN THE WAKE OF THE HURRICANE NAMED JANET: A SCENE FROM BARBADOS, WHERE DAMAGE WAS WIDE-SPREAD.

The hurricane named *Janet* which struck Barbados and Grenada on September 22 caused a major disaster. In Grenada especially, immense damage was done and many lives were lost. The small neighbouring island of Carriacou also felt the full force of the hurricane; small houses were destroyed, larger buildings had their roofs torn off, crops were flattened and trees were stripped of their branches. Britain has made immediate grants of £50,000 each to the Governments of Grenada and Barbados to assist in relieving distress.

(RIGHT.) OPENING THE BRITISH TRADE EXHIBITION IN COPENHAGEN: KING FREDERIK OF DENMARK ADDRESSING A LARGE ASSEMBLY IN THE TOWN HALL.

The opening ceremony of the British Trade Exhibition in Copenhagen took place in the town hall on September 29 and was performed by King Frederik of Denmark. The King, arriving with Queen Ingrid, was greeted by music from British military bands. Sir Eric Berthous, the British Ambassador, was present, and Mr. Thomeycroft, President of the Board of Trade, read a message from Queen Elizabeth.



THE SAVAGE DESTRUCTION CAUSED BY A HURRICANE: SMASHED BUILDINGS AND TOPLESS TREES TELL OF THE DISASTER IN THE SMALL ISLAND OF CARRIACOU.



BEARING ANTI-BRITISH SLOGANS AND HUNG WITH GREEK FLAGS: THE CHURCH AT KALOPSIDA, IN CYPRUS, WHERE ARCHBISHOP MAKARIOS ADDRESSED 4000 CYPRIOT GREEKS. Before the arrival of Archbishop Makarios at the village church of Kalopsida, Cypriot Greek villagers erected arches of myrtle leaves bearing anti-British slogans. They were removed by British troops, but the villagers managed to restore the slogans in time for the Archbishop's arrival.



WASHING AWAY OIL FROM THE DERRICKS FOLLOWING A 60-FT. GUSHER IN THE NEGEV: WORKERS AT ISRAEL'S NEWLY-DISCOVERED MAJOR OIL-WELL.

On September 23, oil from the borings in the Negev region of Israel gushed 60 ft. into the air, providing the first substantial evidence of oil found in that country. It is said to be of good quality, and if the first promises are fulfilled, Israel may well become independent of oil imports.



# A GREAT ENGLISH COMPOSER.

"ELGAR, O.M. A STUDY OF A MUSICIAN"; By PERCY M. YOUNG.\*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

A GOOD many books and articles have been written about Elgar as a musician. Dr. Young's massive and quaintly-named work is an account of him both as a musician and as a man, the strands of composition and outward life being continuously interwoven throughout the narrative. It may, indeed, be regarded as something of an "official" biography. Dr. Young was assisted by the composer's daughter, and was allowed access to the whole of Elgar's papers. These included "some two thousand letters to and from Elgar; diaries which were kept by Sir Edward and Lady Elgar for more than thirty years; sixteen huge volumes of musical sketches by the composer," and he also had access to notes made by Elgar's closest friends.

The information derived from these ample sources Dr. Young has digested extremely well: the straight

anything of his: the enclosures were of common land on which the labouring peasant was allowed, by immemorial custom, to graze his cow and his goose. But the reader who stops to think will realise that Dr. Young has reason for his opening. It gives Elgar his setting: a countryside, in the neighbourhood of the Three Choirs. His mother came from Gloucestershire. He himself was born in Worcester, son of a mother who was an unfulfilled poetic genius and of a father who was a teacher of music and sold musical instruments; and he lived years of his life in Hereford. He married a woman, daughter of a General and a Knight, who brought him a little money and served his genius lovingly and well. But he had a horrible struggle to get through.

The life of the composer is hard, unless he happens to compose popular operas. Elgar, in his early years, played the organ (he was born a Roman Catholic) in a small Catholic Church, and earned a few extra pennies by teaching in schools and even in a County Lunatic Asylum. Even after he had attained a sort of fame he found, as others have found, that a man can compose great music but will get much less reward—and a man must live—from it than a famous conductor, and much, much less than a famous instrumentalist. Ultimately, by sheer determination and hard work against the collar, he did achieve a sizeable house in London in which he could entertain, and a country cottage, whence he could go to watch the birds and the flowers, catch fish, or go to a race-meeting and put on a mild bet. His enemies—and any artist who is any good has enemies—began to say that he was pretending to be a country-gentleman. But he was, as Dr. Young rightly says, a country-

which I have never heard, save in imagination, since, and which still, at night, makes its procession through my mind.

Later, I met him: the first time I didn't know who he was, until I asked a waiter after he had gone. We had been watching billiards in one of his numerous clubs: I thought he was a retired Brigadier, with a sensible preference for the country, up in London for a visit. How bitterly I regret it. We could have talked about



DR. PERCY YOUNG, THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

Dr. Percy Young, M.A., Mus.D., is a practising musician, being well known as a conductor and composer. He is the author of a dozen books, which include studies of Handel, Mendelssohn and Vaughan Williams. He has also made large-scale contributions to "Grove's Dictionary," and written books for children.



DR. ELGAR AT BIRCHWOOD C. 1901, WHEN THE COMPOSER WAS FORTY-FOUR.

Photograph reproduced by courtesy of Hugh F. Bradburn.

biography has, moreover, an obligato of musical description and analysis which is full, sensitive, and just, and refreshingly free from indiscriminate laudation. And he has taken his time telling the story. We are reminded of the ampler manner of an earlier day when we open a book, the first chapter of which begins with: "There were not many inhabitants of the village of Elmore, in Gloucestershire, in the eighteenth century, and of what there were the majority belonged in some way or other to the Greening family. Greenings had been prominent in the life of that little community throughout the eighteenth century. The most prosperous of them were comfortably established as yeoman farmers. At the end of the century, however, it was this class that was most affected by the rapid increase in the practice of land enclosure. Thus the surviving sons, of a family of seven children, of William and Martha Greening of Elmore were compelled to look for their livelihood away from home. One son, William, born in 1782, joined the Royal Navy. Possibly he was a victim of the press-gang which practised efficiently in the western counties."

At all this the impatient young reader may exclaim: "What on earth has this to do with Elgar, whose name wasn't Greening and whose Elgar ancestors came from Kent?" The man of rural ancestry may well ask "Why on earth does Dr. Young think the yeomen were affected by the enclosures?" In the high, remote churchyard of Broadwoodwidge, in Devon, not far from the Cornish border, there is a simple tombstone to my great-grandfather, with cherubs carved on the upper corners. The tors of Dartmoor, holier and nobler to me than all the Alps and all the Andes, can be seen in the distance. The inscription, with dates, runs "John Squire, Yeoman." He owned, as his son owned, and his eldest (alas!) grandson owned, broad acres. Nobody would have enclosed

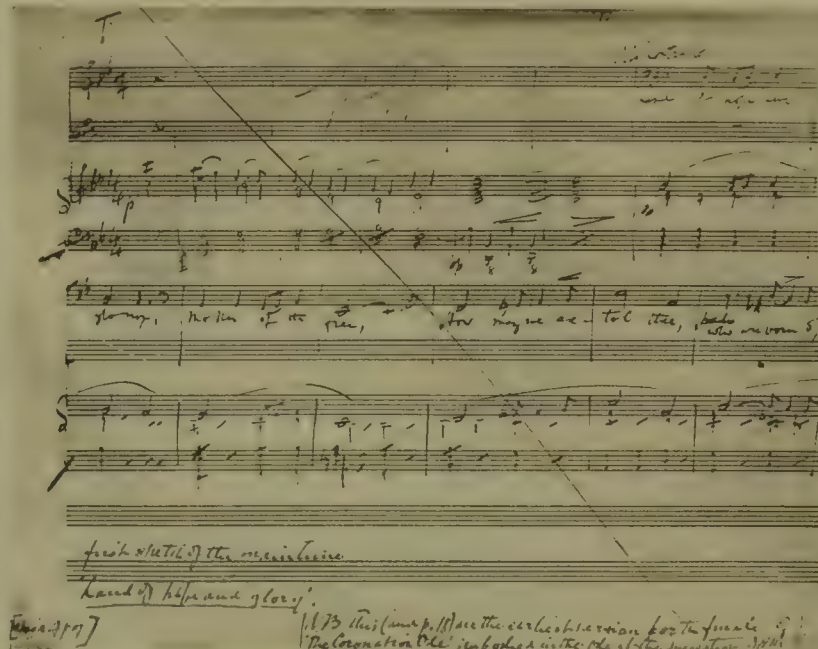


WORCESTERSHIRE WORTHIES: THE THEN PRIME MINISTER (MR. STANLEY BALDWIN); THE MASTER OF THE KING'S MUSICK (SIR EDWARD ELGAR) AND SIR IVOR ATKINS.

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gentleman. He was a Christian, a Monarchist and a Patriot. With a better financial start he would have written the conventional nine symphonies, instead of two; and they might have been very good ones.

Dr. Young refers to the London Production of the First Symphony in January 1909, with Elgar conducting. It wasn't really the First: the Second was, mainly, an earlier, and less mature, work. Queen's Hall, I think it was; and I shall never forget the overwhelming effect of that long introductory theme,



THE FIRST SKETCH OF THE MAIN TUNE OF "LAND OF HOPE AND GLORY." AT THE FOOT ELGAR WROTE: "N.B.—THIS (AND PAGE 18) ARE THE EARLIEST VERSION FOR THE FINALE OF 'THE CORONATION ODE,' EMBODIED IN THE ODE AT THE SUGGESTION OF H.M. KING EDWARD VII."

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the flowers, the butterflies and moths, the fishes in the streams, the birds on the hill: or even about music.

Or even about racing. Had he been born to wealth, or even a competence, Elgar would have hunted: he was as English as Shakespeare. His "highbrow" contemporaries hated that: they damned his music as mere roast-beef. But he has been dead twenty years and the music lasts. He gave the large public tunes, and the small public great oratorios and a Violin Concerto, which those great performers Kreisler and Menuhin were proud to play.

Those performers, and Elgar's contemporary composers like Strauss, paid their tributes to this great and noble man. For myself, I think he was the best English composer since Purcell, whose stature has not yet been recognised in a country still under the spell of the Germans.

But I do hope that, in the next edition of his book, Dr. Young will correct some of the solecisms and mistakes in the text. Not only does he mis-spell the name of Robert Nichols, the poet, in a quoted, and extremely silly, letter, which should not have been printed; but he repeatedly refers to "Brooks's" Club as "Brook's" and calls Lady Maud Warrender by her own name, or as "Lady Warrender" and "Lady Mary Trefusis (née Lygon)" as Lady Trefusis or Lady Lygon.

The book, nevertheless, is a very good book. And I must add that the reproductions of Elgar's musical MSS. are magnificent. They are not scribbles; but fluent, perceptible and dainty. Beautiful to the eye, like the drawings of Leonardo.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 628 of this issue.

\* "Elgar, O.M. A Study of a Musician," By Percy M. Young, M.A., Mus.D. Illustrated. (Collins; 30s.)



## FROM TRACTION ENGINES TO A NATIONAL MOD: A MISCELLANY OF HOME NEWS.



A NORTH COUNTRY SPORT COMES SOUTH: THE FINISH OF A HALF-MILE RACE BETWEEN 10-TON STEAM TRACTION ENGINES AT AN EPPING RALLY.

Spurred, no doubt, by the success of the annual traction engine races at Pickering, Yorks, the Epping Police Sports Club, in conjunction with the National Traction Engine Club, staged a Traction Engine Rally at Epping on October 1. A 1932 engine is here beating a 1913 model.



FORMALLY OPENED ON SEPTEMBER 30 AND ALREADY SAVING ABOUT £2,000,000 A YEAR: THE NEW ANTIBIOTICS PLANT AT SANDWICH, KENT.

This Pfizer fermentation plant, the most modern antibiotics factory in Europe, was formally opened by Lord Brabazon of Tara on September 30. It manufactures terramycin and tetracyclin, and will have an eventual production worth between £7,000,000 and £8,000,000 annually.



A GONDOLIERS' HOLIDAY: FOUR VENETIAN GONDOLIERS—IN LONDON FOR THE PREMIÈRE OF THE FILM "SUMMER MADNESS"—PROPELLING A THAMES WATER CRAFT WITH A DOGGETT'S COAT-AND-BADGE WINNER AS PASSENGER—AND THE TOWER BRIDGE AS A BACKGROUND.



THE FASTEST VESSEL ON WATER CROSSES THE ATLANTIC BY AIR: MR. DONALD CAMPBELL'S BLUEBIRD BEING LOADED INTO AN AIR FREIGHTER AT LONDON AIRPORT.

Mr. Donald Campbell, who hopes to beat his own world water speed record of 202 m.p.h. on Lake Mead, near Las Vegas, left London for the U.S. on September 25. His speedboat followed him by air on October 2, for an attempt in mid-October.



AT THE FINAL CONCERT OF THE NATIONAL MOD OF AN COMUNN GAIDHEALACH IN ABERDEEN: QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER, WITH PRINCESS MARGARET.

Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother was present with Princess Margaret at the final concert of the national Mod of An Comunn Gaidhealach in Aberdeen on September 30, when some 2000 Gaels packed the Music Hall. The Royal visitors heard a programme of Gaelic songs by the principal winners of the Mod

competitions, and saw the crowning of the Mod Bard, Mr. John Morrison. The Queen Mother presented the prizewinners, in the main competitions, with medals. In this photograph the conductor of the Dingwall Gaelic Choir can be seen bowing to her Majesty after receiving the Margaret Duncan Trophy.



# MATTERS MARITIME· VESSELS NEW AND OLD, AND THE FREEDOM OF CHATHAM FOR A NAVAL BARRACKS.



(LEFT.) THE SEVENTY-SIX-YEAR-OLD PADDLE STEAMER *Empress*, WHOSE ENGINES MAY BE PRESERVED IN A MUSEUM.

The paddle steamer *Empress*, now awaiting breaking-up at Southampton, is thought to be the last surviving with oscillating engines. The British Iron and Steel Corporation (Salvage) Ltd. have offered the engines to the Tudor House Museum, Southampton, if the Corporation of Southampton will remove them.

(RIGHT.) TESTED BY THE ROYAL NAVY AT MALTA: A NEW 27-FT. SEA BOAT.

Among the equipment tested by the Royal Navy's trials cruiser, H.M.S. *Cumberland*, in the Mediterranean this summer was this 27-ft. sea boat which can be used under power or sailed with engine installed and propeller feathered. The engine can be quickly removed and the boat can then be used in pulling or sailing regattas.



BEING LAUNCHED AT LOWESTOFT: M/T *PULONGA*, THE SECOND OF TWENTY TRAWLERS WHICH ARE BEING CONSTRUCTED FOR THE U.S.S.R. BY BROOKE MARINE LIMITED.

On September 17 the second of the twenty trawlers which Brooke Marine Ltd. have under construction for the U.S.S.R. was launched at Lowestoft by Mme. Dmitriev, the wife of Mr. Dmitriev, a member of the Russian Trade Department which is responsible for the order.



A TRANSATLANTIC LINER WITH A DRIVE-IN GARAGE: THE *ISRAEL* (10,500 TONS; ZIM ISRAEL NAVIGATION CO.), A PASSENGER-CARGO LINER, BUILT IN GERMANY, UNDER THE REPARATIONS AGREEMENT, FOR THE HAIFA-NEW YORK SERVICE—AT SOUTHAMPTON ON SEPT. 27, DURING HER MAIDEN VOYAGE.



THE FREEDOM OF CHATHAM CONFERRED ON H.M.S. *PEMBROKE*: THE CASKET CONTAINING THE FREEDOM SCROLL BEING CARRIED IN PROCESSION PAST THE PARADE.

Six admirals, including Admiral Sir Guy Russell, Second Sea Lord, were among the hundreds of people who saw the ceremony at the old Royal Marine Barracks at Chatham on September 29 at which the freedom of Chatham was conferred on H.M.S. *Pembroke*, the Royal Navy Barracks. The Mayor of



CONFERRING THE FREEDOM OF CHATHAM: THE MAYOR OF CHATHAM, ALDERMAN A. S. PRICE, HANDING THE CASKET TO COMMODORE P. L. COLLARD.

Chatham, Alderman A. S. Price, handed the casket containing the scroll to Commodore P. L. Collard, Commodore of the Barracks, and said: "It is our fervent wish that the link between the Royal Navy and Chatham, which was forged many centuries ago, shall remain unsevered for ever."





THE FINAL SPLICE—GREAT BRITAIN AND AMERICA BEING LINKED BY SUBMARINE TELEPHONE CABLE FOR THE FIRST TIME :  
THE SCENE OFF THE ARGYLL COAST AS THE SPLICED CABLE WAS LAID BY H.M.T.S. MONARCH.

On the evening of September 26, Great Britain and America were linked by submarine telephone cable for the first time. H.M.T.S. *Monarch*, the world's largest cable-laying ship, has now completed the first half of the historic project, which started in April when she first laid out from Newfoundland 2000 miles of cable. On August 8, after loading more cable and repeaters at Erith, in Kent, she picked up the buoyed end and laid 1500 nautical miles of cable in one length across the deepest parts of the Atlantic. The difficult operation of buoying off the end of the cable on the Rockall Bank was carried out in a gale. The link-up

to complete the cable took place when H.M.T.S. *Monarch* brought up the end of the short shore section of cable which had been laid out into the sea from the terminal station a few miles to the south of Oban. The final splice was made on the foredeck of the vessel, and then the cable was slipped to the sea-bed, to forge yet another link between the Old and New World. The cable so far is only a single one-way circuit—conveying speech from America to Britain only—a second return circuit, to provide simultaneous two-way speech, is to be laid next year. It is expected that the new service will operate by the end of 1956.



TO write now, belatedly as many readers may think, about an affair which has been discussed in every aspect for the past three weeks and has had seas of ink devoted to it in the past four-and-a-half years, is an action which demands justification. I hope mine will be good enough. I write, anyhow I start to write, with no intention of re-examining the details of the story of Burgess and Maclean. All I have to say about the attitude of the Press will go into one sentence. The Press has done its duty, but it seems to me to be influenced by its natural dislike of having information withheld from it, even when there is something to be said for the policy. I shall not here share the indignation over the handling of the episode, or, at most, only in passing. I want to concentrate on one aspect which I regard as in many ways the most important. This is a spiritual or abstract feature. There seems to be more to be said here, whereas the factual and practical elements seem to have been exhausted.

From the moral point of view, I regard this catastrophe as one of the most damaging blows we could have been dealt and the most damaging we have suffered within the period. It may at first sight look as though this is to exaggerate the importance of the affair. Two men betrayed their country—how can the frailty of two men do their country grievous moral damage, whatever material damage may have resulted from their crime? We remain very strong in the sector of defence where we suffered this temporary breach. Yes, but the strength which we felt in that quarter, and which nearly everyone in the world attributed to us, made it all the more hurtful to our pride, our confidence in ourselves, and our repute. If you are betrayed in a weak spot you may shrug it off and set about strengthening the point of fissure in a grim mood, but unperturbed. We were hit in a spot which represented the height of our prestige. We were even self-righteous about it.

I recall a conversation which took place not very long before the flight of the two members of the Foreign Service. Someone who had been living in the capital of a Russian satellite State revealed to me that a few diplomatists had been wont to take money from natives of the country whom they helped to escape through the Iron Curtain. My informant and I smiled over the story. This was heartless on our part, because it was cruel as well as shabby, and one or two of the refugees had been mercilessly fleeced. But our smiles betokened at once scorn and complacency. If we did not murmur the phrase "lesser breeds without the law," the sentiment occurred to us. We did not even bother to talk of the contrast between the spirit and traditions of our diplomacy and the conduct of these wretched creatures. That seemed too obvious to be mentioned by intelligent people, which we considered ourselves to be. Well, the higher one's vainglory ascends, the more a fall hurts.

In other ways, too, the implications of this business are unsettling in the extreme, and become more so as one reflects at length upon them. These two men may be said to have begun their career of treason in their university. There they became indoctrinated with a political creed which demanded that they should betray anything or anybody in its interests. Did they ever disavow their affiliation? There is no evidence that they did so more than casually. But, then, have John Doe or Richard Roe ever done so? One's mind conjures up one face after another casually encountered, and the question is asked again. One reflects also that even if an individual has broken all outward links with Communism he may have simply, as the saying is, gone underground. And then there is all that body of opinion which we call crypto-Communist. We are often left in no doubt about the attitude of those who belong to it when we meet them.

That leads us to another point. I wrote just now of two men having betrayed their country. It looks as though there were more than two. The evidence suggests—and the implication is that the Foreign Office believes—that someone within the Service warned these two men of the grave suspicion which rested upon them. If so, it is unlikely to have been a very junior or clerical member of the staff. Another bird of the same feather? Not, I think, necessarily. Quite likely to be one of those breezy and reasonable "cryptos" we have all met. "Don't know exactly what they're supposed to have done and don't care. But I'm not going to let them get picked up if I can help it. I hate witch hunts. Persecuting these two poor devils won't repair any damage that's been

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THE THRUST BELOW THE BUCKLER.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

done. If they want to get away and can, let them." That, of course, is pure speculation, but I think allowable. It is not a much more consoling picture than the other, because there are so many more "cryptos" than fanatical disciples about.

The problem has been generally realised by now. The Communist tenets are not only political or economic, though they are both to a high degree. They are also moral. For votaries of the faith they replace religion in a period when the majority of religions, and Christianity most of all, have weakened their hold upon mankind. None of the old issues which have split humanity—the rivalry of rulers, nationalism,

late, the age of Elizabeth. Late in the reign—and it is only in the latter part that the Queen's policy can fairly be tested because she had inherited so many difficulties—for every Catholic traitor to his sovereign and his country, indeed for every one who would have been a traitor if circumstances had favoured treason, there were hundreds of recusants who were completely loyal. They lived no very agreeable life; Elizabethan toleration did not go so far as that. They were subjected to various forms of oppression, particularly financial. But they remained faithful to Crown and State. In this respect Communism to-day is more exacting than late sixteenth-century Popes.

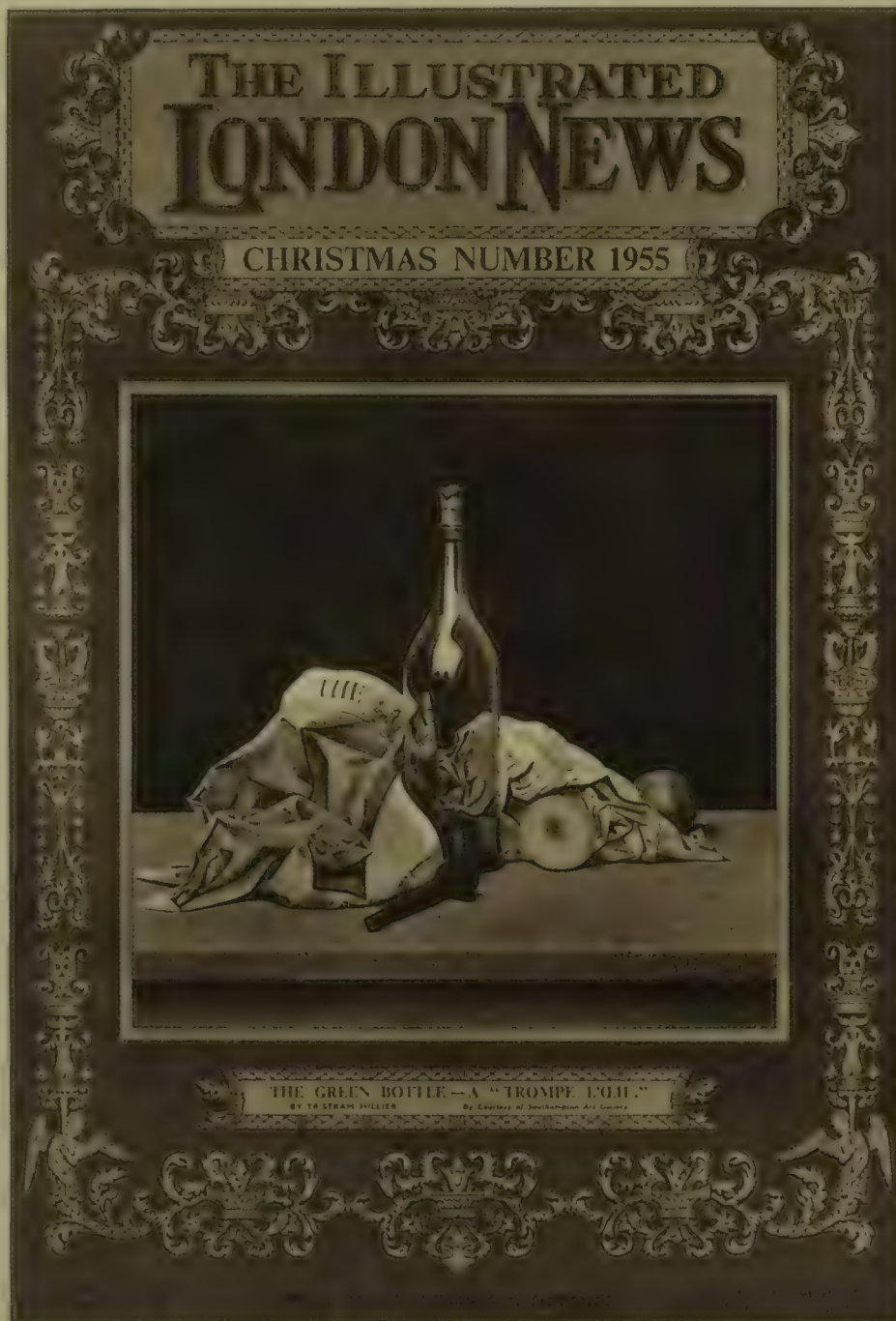
I have said I will not go into detail, but there is one point which calls for a few words. For what was, or may be held by many, to have been done amiss, blame must be apportioned between the Government and the Foreign Office itself. It has been pointed out that blame attributed in some quarters to the Foreign Office as an institution should be directed to the Government, because the Foreign Office merely acted under its instructions. This is true. But the responsibility of the Government cannot cover all, even though all major steps were taken—or omitted—by it. It is not reasonable to suppose that the Government was responsible for the promotion of Maclean to a highly important position within the Foreign Office after he had been guilty of what is described as "serious misconduct" in Cairo. What was to be done with this able young man called, admittedly, for a difficult decision, but we cannot fail to decide that a wrong one was taken, and our decision is not a matter of wisdom after the event.

It is fortunate that these last revelations should come at a time when the methods of propping up security and punishing political heresy for some time prevalent in the United States have, with their creator, become discredited. There is no serious risk at the moment of their being established in this country. Yet in every form of activity which involves secrets vital to the safety of the country stronger precautions are justified. We are told that they are being taken. It is unpleasant that this should be necessary, but no one can doubt that it is. No foreign Power could continue to deal with us frankly if it were not done. Then there is the question of the international organisations, such as N.A.T.O., in which we are perforce the custodian of the secrets of States less powerful than our own, as well as of the broader secrets of an allied front. Finally, there are our own secrets. We cannot rely on those discovered to be bad risks, even though they may be innocent of any thought of treachery.

The problem may be now more difficult, not easier, than it has been in the past. The lessening of tension between East and West may, by creating an unreal or exaggerated sense of security, make it easier for the traitor to play us false and for the imprudent to fail us. If a genuine peaceful coexistence is ever achieved, it will not mean that considerations of security can be shelved, but it may well mean that security becomes threatened from new directions. Make no mistake about it, we cannot make everything waterproof—or foolproof. No State has ever been more thorough in its efforts to do that than Soviet Russia, and even it has not been wholly successful. Yet we can, by taking reasonable care and without unreasonably infringing the right of opinion, make a recurrence of the Burgess-Maclean affair unlikely in the extreme. For people in certain posts and services freedom of opinion cannot be absolute. It cannot amount to freedom of Communist opinion. Some may consider that this attitude is contrary to liberty, but I am afraid they will have to put up with it in future policy.

I do not know much about the Foreign Office, but I do know a good deal about the Service abroad, and I admire most of what I have seen. I think it is apt to make pictures rather neater than the reality, and endow personalities with clearer characteristics than they really possess. Foreign relations are usually untidy and, even among the able and intelligent, there are more vague or inconsistent personalities than there are sharp and consistent. If I am right, that is a minor foible. Our diplomatists deserve the generally high regard in which they have been held. But, to return to my theme, this business has been bad for their prestige. If it has been a thrust below the buckler for the country at large, it has been more unpleasant still for this honourable and devoted Service. I hope we shall soon get the nauseous taste out of our mouths.

ANNOUNCING OUR 1955 CHRISTMAS NUMBER—ON SALE NOVEMBER 11.



THE FAMILIAR RED-AND-GOLD COVER OF "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" CHRISTMAS NUMBER, WITH INSET, THIS YEAR, A TROMPE L'ŒIL PAINTING, "THE GREEN BOTTLE," BY TRISTRAM HILLIER. The 1955 Christmas Number of *The Illustrated London News* is published on November 11, and may be ordered now from your newsagent or at any bookstall, price 3s. 6d., or direct from the Publisher (Dept. D.G.), Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2, for 3s. 10d., including postage. The Christmas Number, a traditional accompaniment of the season for many decades, makes an excellent gift at home and overseas; and the Publisher will be pleased to despatch copies to your friends for you, sending a printed card, announcing your gift, in a separate cover, without additional charge. The Christmas Number is an exceptionally attractive one; and its most attractive feature is undoubtedly a double-page-size plate of the portrait of H.M. the Queen by Pietro Annigoni, magnificently reproduced in colour gravure of remarkable fidelity. This is something that everyone will wish to keep. There are in all twenty-seven subjects, in full colour; and among these may be mentioned a group of *trompe l'œil* paintings—the "3-D" of the artist—portraits of the beauty of early girlhood, some famous paintings of the Old Masters, conversation-pieces and fairy-tale characters, and scenes of Old England brought to life. For the reader there is a long "thriller" by the well-known detective novelist, Anthony Gilbert; and a hitherto unpublished account of Trafalgar from the French point of view, illustrated with French prints.

class hatred, even religion itself—have caused cleavages as deep as this. The man who goes across the crevasse has to learn a new form of morality, new definitions of justice and truth, a new vocabulary of ideas. Many writers have compared the differences of to-day with those of the wars of religion. They are justified in using the comparison, because there is none better, but it does not take them nearly far enough.

Religious fanaticism was the cause of the most hideous cruelty. It was also a potent breeding-place of treason. People under its pressure betrayed their sovereigns, their countries, their friends, their nearest kith and kin. Yet look back to one period which has become familiar to many who know hardly any history because it has been so widely popularised of





**A NEW DEAL FOR THE SCOTTISH CROFTERS: 1. REMOTE COUNTRY AND A ROUGH ROAD NEAR INVERASDALE, ROSS. MANY SIMILAR ROADS ARE NOW BEING TAKEN OVER BY COUNTY COUNCILS AND KEPT IN A GOOD STATE OF REPAIR.**

The Crofters (Scotland) Act, which became law on May 5 this year, came into operation on October 1. On this date the Crofters' Commission, under the chairmanship of Sir Robert William Urquhart, assumed office. The Act—which applies only to the seven crofting counties of North and North-Western Scotland—provided for the establishment of this commission, and it also covers a wide variety of clauses relating to the crofter's conditions of tenure, his privileges and his obligations. On this page, and on following pages, we reproduce a series of drawings by our artist, Mr. Alastair Flattely, which show some of the difficulties facing crofting communities, as well as aspects of their family life. In recent years a number of bad roads, such as the one in this drawing (which shows Loch Ewe

in the distance), have been taken over by County Councils and are maintained in a good state of repair, but in some counties the councils will not take over the roads unless they already have a tar-macadam surface. Some of the main roads in the Highlands will only take a single line of traffic and during the summer the numbers of motor-coaches tend to interfere with local traffic and present an added hazard for the sheep, which are often on the unfenced roads. So far as the mainland is concerned the bulk of tourism is—on balance—of little help to the crofting areas. Compared with the south some children still have long walks to school, but now, with the aid of a school bus or car, the walks are short by comparison with those which were common in the Highlands fifty years ago.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY ALASTAIR FLATTELY.





OVERLOOKING ONCE-TILLED LAND WHICH IS NOW PARTLY OVERGROWN WITH RUSHES: AN OLD THATCHED HOUSE AT BIG SAND, NEAR GAIRLOCH, ROSS, WHICH IS IN SOME WAYS RATHER SIMILAR TO THE "BLACK HOUSES" OF SKYE AND THE OUTER HEBRIDES.



CHURCH-GOING AT GAIRLOCH: MEMBERS OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND ARRIVING FOR A SERVICE. DESPITE DEPLETED POPULATIONS THE CHURCHES ARE STILL WELL ATTENDED.

#### A NEW DEAL FOR THE SCOTTISH CROFTERS: 2. ONE OF THE OLD HOUSES,

It would indeed be a sad day for Britain if the crofter became extinct, and with the operation of The Crofters (Scotland) Act comes hope of averting or reversing the decline in the crofting population. The crofter is a yearly tenant of a Highland farm whose croft usually consists of a few acres of arable land, as well as grazing rights for a fixed number of sheep on the open hillside. The crofter has been finding it increasingly difficult to support himself and his family, and in many places the attainable

standard of life has fallen lower than the younger generation will endure. A large number of crofts are now tenanted by people too old to work them properly, and as soon as the plough becomes idle, the runner, bracken and heather are ready to engulf the once-tilled fields, as can be seen in the above drawing showing the old house at Big Sand. Houses of this type are now often used as byres and more modern houses have been built by crofters with the assistance of grants from local authorities. The

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED



A TASK WHICH IS USUALLY SHARED BY THE WHOLE FAMILY: PEAT GATHERING AT LOCH EWE, WESTER ROSS. IN THE EXTREME DISTANCE IS POOLEWE.

#### CHURCH-GOING IN GAIRLOCH, AND FAMILY PEAT GATHERING IN WESTER ROSS.

Crofting Commission Report considers the housing position to be, on the whole, satisfactory, apart from lack of such amenities as piped water. The electric power lines shown in this drawing indicate the thoroughness of the Hydro-Electric Board in supplying all inhabited places in this area with current. In the drawing of the peat gathering near Loch Ewe, a peat knife of the type used in the Poolewe and Gairloch area can be seen lying on the ground on the bank near the water. It is used on the

LONDON NEWS" BY ALASTAIR FLATTELY.

peat bank much as a spade is, but the shoulder at the top of the blade is not for the foot, at least not when the cutter is an expert. The peats are thrown flat on the ground as they are cut and when dry are built into little stacks. Dr. Fraser Darling's "West Highland Survey" says that 15,000 to 18,000 peats a year may be burnt in an average croft house where they are used quite sparingly. This represents 15-18 man days for cutting, as well as the women's labour in stacking and collecting.





AT NORTH ERRADALE, ROSS: A VIEW OF THE SHORE WITH THE ISLAND OF SKYE IN THE BACKGROUND. IN THIS AREA SHEEP NOW GRAZE ON GROUND WHICH WAS ONCE TILLED, AND MANY OF THE OLD CROFT HOUSES NOW LIE IN RUINS.



AT A CROFT SPRING: A WOMAN FETCHING WATER. A PIPED WATER SUPPLY IS CONSIDERED BY MOST CROFTERS TO BE THEIR MOST URGENT REQUIREMENT.

### A NEW DEAL FOR THE SCOTTISH CROFTERS: 3. SCENES IN ROSS, WHERE THE CROFTING POPULATION IS DECLINING.

Not so very long ago fishing helped to support a crofting community, more than five times as large as that of to-day, at North Erradale, in Ross. Sheep now graze on ground which was once tilled, and many croft houses, which once looked over the sea to Skye, lie in ruins. The four fishing boats shown in the distance in the top drawing are probably boats from the east coast which are working a ring net; they are fast, modern boats of a type which has ended herring fishing as a subsidiary activity to crofting in the West Highlands. The type of equipment

which is essential for present-day fishing lies far beyond the crofters' means, and furthermore, illegal fishing by trawlers and seine-net boats within the prohibited limits has played havoc with the inshore fishing and the spawning beds. In the Report of the Commission of Enquiry into Crofting Conditions it is stated that crofters who were questioned about the relative importance to them of roads, electricity and water supply, revealed that they were overwhelmingly of the opinion that a piped water supply was their most pressing need.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY ALASTAIR FLATTELY.





THE RE-OPENING OF THE RESTORED WASHINGTON OLD HALL, CO. DURHAM—THE TWELFTH-CENTURY HOME OF GEORGE WASHINGTON'S ANCESTORS; AND THE CROWD GATHERED TO SEE THE UNFURLING OF THE STARS AND STRIPES.



ON PARADE AT THE CEREMONY: MEN OF THE WASHINGTON GREYS REGIMENT OF THE NEW YORK STATE NATIONAL GUARD IN THE UNIFORM OF 1810.

#### RESTORED—AND RE-OPENED BY THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR: WASHINGTON OLD HALL, THE FIRST HOME OF THE WASHINGTONS.

On September 28, the American Ambassador, Mr. Winthrop W. Aldrich, opened with a silver key specially struck for the occasion Washington Old Hall, at Washington, Co. Durham, the twelfth-century home of George Washington's ancestors. Four years have been spent on the restoration of this building, part of which will be used as a community centre, and nine-tenths of the total cost of £10,000 has been subscribed in the United States as a result of appeals made by the America-British Commonwealth Association. During his visit to the county Mr. Aldrich was accompanied by Lord Lawson, Lord Lieutenant, and Lord Gort,



THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR, MR. WINTHROP ALDRICH (LEFT), RECEIVING THE KEY OF WASHINGTON OLD HALL FROM LORD GORT, CHAIRMAN OF THE PRESERVATION COMMITTEE.

chairman of the Washington Old Hall Preservation Committee; and visited both Durham Cathedral and Durham Castle, where he saw mediæval Washington seals. The American flag was carried at the ceremony at Washington by men of the Washington Greys Regiment, some of them in the uniform of 1810, and when it was unfurled on the flagstaff the El Alamein band of The Royal Tank Regiment played "The Star-spangled Banner." Of the building, Mr. Aldrich said: "As a patriotic monument this first house of the first Washington has unrivalled significance for the present and future generations of Americans."

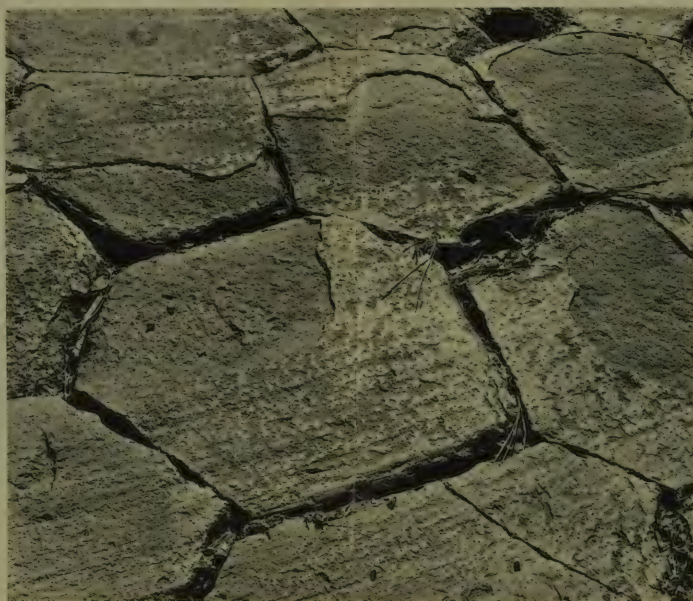




FORMED BY A FLOW OF BASALTIC LAVA AND EXPOSED BY A SUBSEQUENT GLACIER THAT SENT A STREAM OF ICE QUARRYING INTO THE SIDES OF THE VALLEY: THE GIANT RIBS OF THE DEVIL'S POSTPILE IN CALIFORNIA.

SEEN ACROSS THE MIDDLE FORK OF THE SAN JOAQUIN RIVER: A DISTANT VIEW OF THE FORMATION, SHOWING HOW THE LEFT SECTION DEVIATES MARKEDLY FROM THE VERTICAL POSITION OF THE MAJORITY OF THE COLUMNS.

THE Devil's Postpile in the Middle Fork Valley of the San Joaquin River, California, is one of the strangest natural configurations in the world. Its origin is of peculiar interest. Geologists believe that during the Ice Age, a vast outpouring of basaltic lava flowed down the steep slopes of the Middle Fork Valley and formed a lake some 700 ft. deep. The molten lava began to cool and harden; it also began to shrink, and, rather like drying mud, to crack. The surface pattern of cracks began to extend downwards until the lake of lava had hardened into a system of giant basalt columns, separated by narrow fissures plunging far into the depth of the mass. In some cases, perhaps due to irregularities in the composition of the surface lava, cooling occurred obliquely, and at these points the basalt posts lean heavily from the vertical. The next stage in the dramatic arrangement of the Devil's Postpile as it exists to-day came with a glacial flow that flung a gigantic stream of ice over the pillars and carried away most of the lava in the valley, leaving exposed the



THE TOP SURFACE OF THE COLUMNS. THE NARROW FISSURES THAT GO TO MAKE UP THIS MOSAIC EXTEND TO A DEPTH OF MORE THAN 60 FT., FORMING WHEN THE MOLTEN LAVA BEGAN TO COOL AND SHRINK, AND CRACKING RATHER LIKE DRIED MUD.

Continued.] great ribs of the basaltic formation. No further glaciers harried the columns, but it is thought that encroaching water infiltrated and froze between them during an ensuing era, causing the foremost ranks of pillars to break up into the heap of rock fragments seen in the photographs above. It is not known how long the posts originally were—or are now, for although they project some 60 ft. above their apparent base, there is little doubt that they extend appreciably deeper. They are largely six-sided or five-sided, but some have four or seven sides. Two or three individual pillars lean away from the others by as much as 12 ins. at the top and seem about to fall at any moment: photographs taken nearly half a century ago, however, reveal them in the same position, and they have remained seemingly unaffected by subsequent earth tremors felt quite strongly in the area. Few sections of the rock have fallen in recent years, and it is likely that the Devil's Postpile will present much the same appearance to future generations as it does to-day.



INDICATING THE HEIGHT OF THE EXPOSED COLUMNS. THEY PROJECT VISIBLY FOR SOME 60 FT., BUT PROBABLY EXTEND APPRECIABLY DEEPER.



# A RICH FIND WHICH BRINGS THE ROMAN LONDONER VIVIDLY TO LIFE: TRADESMEN'S TOOLS, TECHNICAL AND COSMETIC IMPLEMENTS FROM A WALBROOK SITE EARLIER THAN THE MITHRAS TEMPLE.

By Norman C. Cook, F.S.A., Keeper of the Guildhall Museum, and Ralph Merrifield, F.S.A.

ONE of the problems of Roman London which has recently been solved is that of the exact position of the stream of the Walbrook, a tributary of the Thames which flowed through the heart of the Roman city. Excavations undertaken by Mr. W. F. Grimes last year on behalf of the Roman and Mediæval London Excavations Committee provided the answer. Deep trenches were cut from east to west right across the great building site which lies immediately to the west of the modern street of Walbrook, bounded on the south by Budge Row, and on the north by Bucklersbury. The sensational discovery of the Temple of Mithras in the course of these excavations aroused great public interest, but the important contribution made by Mr. Grimes to our knowledge of the topography of Roman London passed almost unnoticed. The stream-bed was discovered about 30 yards to the west of the modern street of Walbrook, with the Temple standing on its east bank. Only a small section of the stream-bed could be investigated at this time, but during the subsequent builders' excavation for the foundations of Bucklersbury House, the black silt which filled it was removed for a considerable part of its length, which ran from north to south through the site. In it were found great quantities of Roman antiquities, which had been lost or thrown away in the stream over 1800 years ago.

In the fine, wet silt, which seems to have had a slightly acid content of organic origin, and contained no free oxygen, metal objects were preserved uncorroded and in perfect condition. Iron was completely free from rust, while metals such as copper, bronze and brass had remained untarnished and shining. Most of the Roman copper coins found, for example, had the brightness of newly-minted pennies.

Many of the metal tools were still as serviceable as they were in Roman times. This was strikingly demonstrated in two cases, before the objects concerned were acquired by Guildhall Museum. The finder of an iron chisel made an unsuccessful attempt to sharpen it with a file, which made no impression on the hard metal. He eventually gave it an excellent edge on a grindstone, making it a perfectly efficient tool, which he was able to use (Figs. 2 and 6 [4]). Hardly any metal was removed in the process of sharpening it. A large iron hook from the Roman stream-bed was actually used for several weeks by workmen on the site to replace a missing piece of the tackle of a modern hoist, taking a load of up to seven tons! (Fig. 11 [6]).

Somewhat similar finds of uncorroded metal were made many years ago when the National Safe Deposit Company's building was erected immediately to the north of the present site, and these are now in the collection of Guildhall Museum. Many of them are obviously of Roman date, and all are ascribed to the Roman period in the Museum catalogue, but the evidence which led to this has not been fully recorded. The recent discoveries, however, clearly indicate that these earlier finds must also have come from the silt of the Walbrook, the course of which runs beneath this building. The dating of the deposit of silt on the Bucklersbury House site is indisputable. It lies at a depth of about 40 ft. below the present ground-level, and is sealed by many feet of purely Roman deposits. It can be dated with considerable certainty by the pottery and coins which were found in it, to the first hundred years of the Roman occupation. More than eighty coins from the silt have been examined and identified by the staff of Guildhall Museum, and none of

these is later than about A.D. 150. There are a number of coins of Claudius and Nero, a great many of Vespasian and his sons, Titus and Domitian, and also many of Trajan. Hadrian is well represented,



FIG. 1. ONE OF THE FEW ART OBJECTS FOUND IN THE BED OF THE WALBROOK DURING THE RECENT EXCAVATIONS IN EARLY ROMAN LEVELS: A BRONZE HANDLE FOR A POTTERY JAR. THE CHIEF SUBJECT IS GANYMEDE BEING CARRIED OFF BY THE EAGLE; BUT IT IS NOTEWORTHY THAT GANYMEDE AND THE TWO HEADS ABOVE ARE ALL WEARING PHRYGIAN OR MITHRAIC CAPS.



FIG. 2. A WORKMAN ON THE BUCKLESBURY SITE RECENTLY FOUND A ROMAN REBATING CHISEL AND SHARPENED THE EDGE ON A GRINDSTONE. THE METAL WAS SO WELL PRESERVED AND THE TEMPER SO GOOD, THAT THE CHISEL—AS DEMONSTRATED HERE—IS AS FIT FOR USE AS IF IT HAD BEEN MADE THIS YEAR.

but the series comes to a sudden end in the reign of Antoninus Pius.

In the second half of the first century and the first half of the second, the Walbrook seems to have been an open stream with well-defined banks, which were contained by wooden piles backed by horizontal

planks. Wood also was well preserved in the waterlogged soil, and the great timber piles provided many difficulties for the builders in their task of clearing the site. It is not yet possible to ascertain the condition of the stream after the middle of the second century, but some light on this may be thrown by the detailed sections obtained by Mr. Grimes, when their full implications are worked out. Observations made during the builders' excavation showed that in some parts of the site a bog-like deposit, rich in organic material, overlay the silt, and it is possible that the stream filled up and overflowed its banks, and the area became marshy, so that it was less easily approached. All that can be said at present, however, is that the antiquities which came to light during the clearance of the silt of the stream-bed seem to belong to the earlier Roman period.

Many of the finds had collected in small pockets around the piles of the bank, where they had been washed by the eddying currents of the stream. They provide evidence of the considerable and varied human activity which took place on its banks during the first hundred years of the Roman occupation. Some of the tools found seem to be dockers' implements—grapples and hooks for handling bales, and large needles for sewing them up (Fig. 11). Others are obviously carpenters' tools—chisels, gouges, hammers, punches and folding brass foot-rules (Fig. 6). Several examples of skimmers' or leather-workers' tools have also been found (Fig. 5), and there was evidence of the work of cobblers in the form of leather parings and other typical waste material from their shops. Metal-working seems to have been another trade practised on the banks of the Walbrook, for great quantities of metal trimmings of various kinds were found. A few metal objects which appeared to be unfinished were also discovered, and it seems likely that a considerable proportion of the great number of manufactured articles from the site had come from neighbouring workshops or traders' stores. Many personal ornaments of metal were possibly lost in the stream by their wearers, but it is difficult to account for the hundreds of *styli* (used for writing on wax tablets) (Fig. 9) and the large numbers of surgical and toilet instruments (Fig. 4), except on the assumption that they were being handled in bulk on the banks of the stream. The same story is told by the great quantity of unattached metal fittings for furniture and cabinets, consisting of brass studs, hinges and ornamental metalwork, which seem to have come straight from the manufacturer (Fig. 7).

The most striking feature of so many of the ancient craftsmen's tools is their close similarity to those which are still in use to-day. The reason for this, of course, is that once a tool had evolved to its most efficient form, it remained unchanged, and this evolution had already taken place before the Romans came to Britain. It is not too much to say that a Roman craftsman, set down in a village workshop of about fifty years ago—before the use of power-driven tools

had largely supplanted hand-tools—would have felt perfectly at home, and could have set to work at once with the equipment which he found there.

There is something rather impersonal about the average archaeological find which, with its patina, seems to acquire the remoteness, as well as the dignity of age. When we handle these implements and gadgets from the Walbrook, however, nearly 2000 years old, but looking, and feeling, as if they had just been handed to us by their original owners, we have a vivid impression, not of an ancient and alien culture, but of actual men and women, remarkably like ourselves, and engaged in very much the same sort of activities.

Through the generosity of Messrs. Legenland, the owners, and with the kind co-operation of many of the officials and workmen on the site, a large collection of these finds has been acquired by Guildhall

Museum, and can be seen in the Museum's exhibition in the Royal Exchange. Acknowledgement must also be made to Messrs. Humphreys, the contractors, and to Mr. Campbell Jones, the architect, who from time to time kindly permitted the Museum staff to visit the site and observe their excavations.





FIG. 3. JEWELLERY AND SMALL ORNAMENTAL BRASSWORK FOUND DURING THIS SPRING IN THE BED OF THE WALBROOK, AT AN EARLY ROMAN LEVEL.

Of the objects in this group that which most touchingly bridges the centuries is the small brass ring. This bears a bearded head and spaced round the ring itself the letters AMICA, or "sweetheart" or "girl-friend." The "horse brass" is a *phalera*, an ornament attached to harness or a cuirass; the decorative

studs have pins at the back for attaching to wood; and the fish ornament probably represents the zodiacal sign of Pisces. The agate seal represents a chariot; and the tiny carnelian is engraved with a female figure. Both the bone hairpin and the brass-headed iron pin end in human heads.

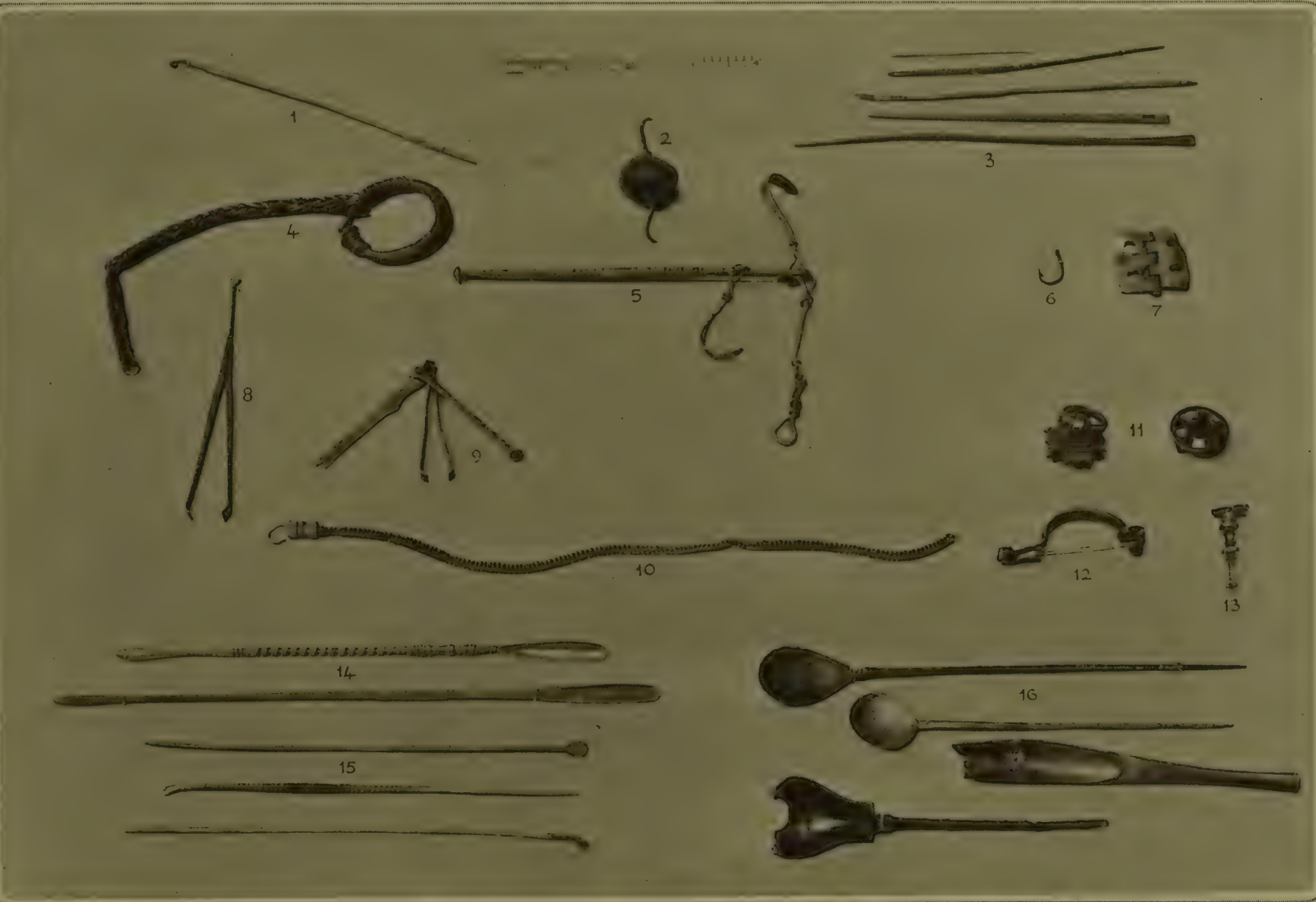


FIG. 4. IMPLEMENTS, SURGICAL AND COSMETIC; WITH OTHER SMALL ITEMS MAINLY OF BRASS, FROM THE WALBROOK SITE, NEAR THE TEMPLE OF MITHRAS.

The most remarkable feature of the objects recently found in such quantity on the Walbrook site is their excellent preservation, and the brass and bronze pieces (and coins) are outstandingly clean and bright. Those shown above are as follows: (1) a specialised needle; (2) a steelyard weight, too large for the steelyard below; (3) several typical needles, including a fine, very small one at the top; (4) brass chain and

ring; (5) a small brass steelyard; (6) a perfectly-preserved fish hook; (7) a brass hinge; (8) cosmetic tweezers, brass; (9) a cosmetic "trinity"; (10) a fine brass chain; (11) two brass handles for a casket, unused, one damaged; (12) a small brooch; (13) a small brass fitting; (14) two combined probes and spoons; (15) three probes and ear-picks; (16) four spoons, the paddle-shaped one of bone, the others of varying metals.

BRIDGING THE GAP BETWEEN THE ROMAN LONDONER AND OURSELVES: FAMILIAR OBJECTS FROM THE WALBROOK MITHRAS SITE.



# DISCOVERIES WHICH VIVIDLY RE-CREATE THE ACTUALITY WORKMEN'S TOOLS AND IMPLEMENTS, DOMESTIC AND

# OF EVERYDAY LONDON 1800 YEARS AGO: SURGICAL, FROM THE WALBROOK'S BED.

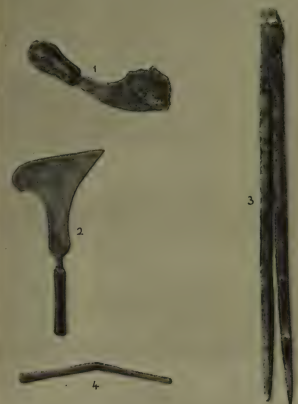


FIG. 5. SPECIALIST TOOLS FROM THE WALBROOK SITE: (1) AN IRON-BLADED FURRIER'S OR SKINNER'S KNIFE, AND (2) ONE WITH A BRONZE BLADE; (3) A PAIR OF DIVIDERS, PROBABLY A STONEMASON'S; AND (4) A METAL-WORKER'S HAMMER.

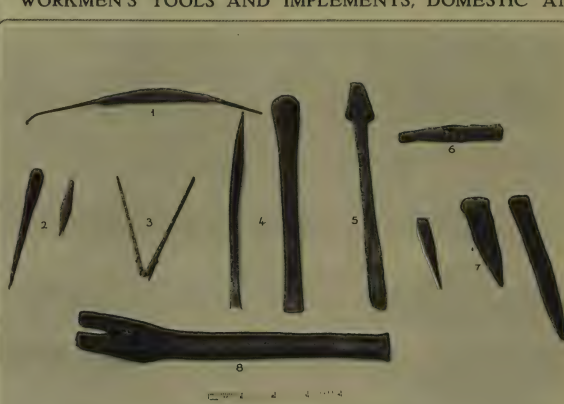


FIG. 6. A SELECTION OF EXCELLENTLY-PRESERVED ROMAN CARPENTER'S TOOLS: (1) A DRAW-KNIFE; (2) TWO AWLS, OR SCRIVING TOOLS; (3) A FOLDING BRASS ROMAN FOOT-RULE, ONE OF SEVERAL FOUND; (4) TWO CHISELS (SEE ALSO FIG. 2); (5) A GOUGE OR DRILL; (6) A HAMMER; (7) THREE PUNCHES; AND (8) A CLAW-BAR. THE REBATING CHISEL WAS SHARPENED ON A GRINDSTONE BY THE WORKMAN WHO FOUND IT ON THE SITE.

IN their article (on page 614) describing the discovery over the last few months of a great number of Roman tools on the Bucklersbury House site in the City of London, Mr. Norman Cook and Mr. Ralph Merrifield write: "There is something rather impersonal about the average archaeological find which, with its patina, seems to acquire the remoteness, as well as the dignity, of age. When we handle these implements and gadgets from the Walbrook, however, nearly 2000 years old, but looking, and feeling, as if they had just been handed to us by their original owners, we have a vivid impression, not of an ancient and alien culture, but of actual men and women remarkably like ourselves, and engaged in very much the same sort of activities." And one

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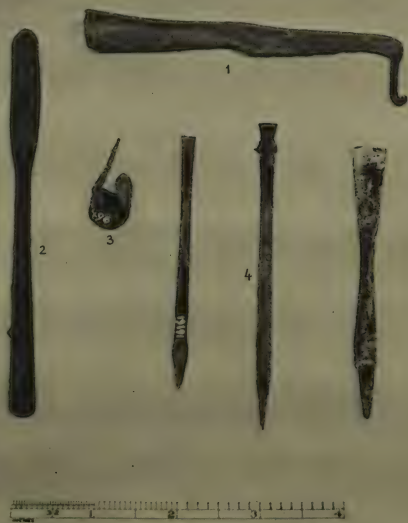


FIG. 9. SPECIALISED TOOLS IN IRON: (1) A SMALL GUILLOTINE BLADE, WITH SHAFT HOLDER TO THE LEFT; (2) A SPATULA OF A TYPE STILL USED BY PLASTERERS; (3) A SIMPLE FITTING FOR SLIPPING ON THE END OF A STICK AND USING AS AN OX-GOAD; AND (4) THREE WRITING STYLI, WITH FLATTENED ENDS FOR ERASING.



FIG. 10. (LEFT) ONE OF A NUMBER OF LATCH-LIFTERS FOUND—A SIMPLE TYPE OF KEY; AND (RIGHT) A STRONG IRON CHOPPING KNIFE.

(Continued.)

can not help being struck by the truth of this. Classical literature makes us familiar with, so to speak, the hearts and minds of the ancients—as do the various art objects which have survived: the remains of their buildings and their inscriptions acquaint us with their organisation and administration—their public life: and the monuments of their religions, not least the Temple of Mithras uncovered last year on the same site, bring an air of strangeness to what is

# OF EVERYDAY LONDON 1800 YEARS AGO: SURGICAL, FROM THE WALBROOK'S BED.

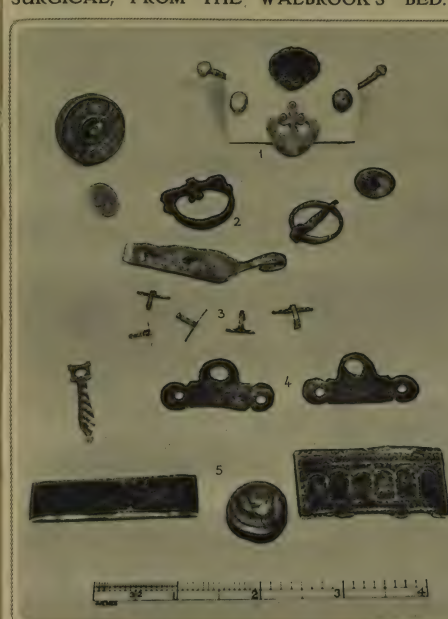


FIG. 7. ROMAN DRESSMAKING AND CABINET-MAKING GOODS, MAINLY OF BRASS: (1) BRASS TACKS, AND DRAWING-PINS IDENTICAL WITH THOSE OF TO-DAY; (2) BRASS CLOTHING FITTINGS; AND (3) SMALL HOOKS FOR HOOK-AND-EYE FASTENINGS, THE EYES PRESUMABLY BEING MADE OF THREAD; (4) BRASS GLASS PLATES, IDENTICAL WITH MODERN TYPES; AND (5) SUNDRY METAL TRIMS FOR CABINET-MAKING.

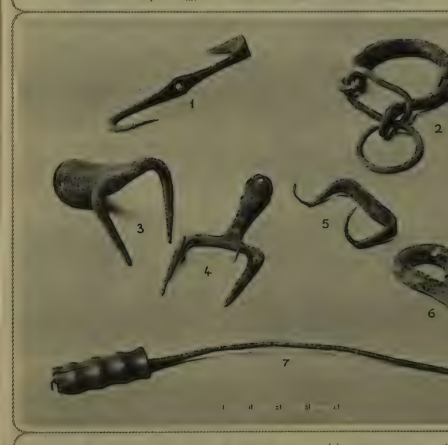


FIG. 11. AN ASSORTMENT OF ROMAN WAREHOUSE TOOLS: (1) A DOUBLE HOOK; (2) A SHACKIE; (3) AND (4) PRONGED INSTRUMENTS FOR FITTING TO WOODEN SHAFTS AND USED IN HANDLING BALES OF, PERHAPS, CARCASSES; (5) A HAND-HOOK FOR SEEING BALES, OF A TYPE STILL USED; (6) A HEAVY-DUTY SINGLE HOOK; (7) A LARGE BALE-STITCHING NEEDLE WITH BONE HANDLE.

already remote in time. But so much of day-by-day life is far removed from these heights of feeling and thought; and it is the ordinary everyday life of the Roman Londoner, his working day, which is brought back with such extraordinary vividness by these magnificently-preserved finds from the old bed of the Walbrook. This quarter of London must have been an extremely busy commercial and industrial district. The embankments of the river were being repaired; bales were being stitched-up



FIG. 8. THREE ROMAN TOOLS OF AMAZING RESEMBLANCE TO THEIR MODERN EXEMPLARS: (1) A SMALL PICK-HEAD, SUITABLE FOR WORKING IN AN ENCLOSED SPACE; (2) A BRICK-LAYER'S TROWEL, WITH WOODEN HANDLE MISSING; AND (3) AN ENTRENCHING TOOL, WHICH MIGHT HAVE COME AS EASILY FROM THE MUD OF FLANDERS.



FIG. 12. TYPICAL OF A NUMBER OF LOCKS FOUND ON THE SITE: (1) TWO LOCK BOLTS OF DIFFERENT PATTERN, ONE WITH A BOLT PLATE OF BRASS; (2) A BRASS LOCK-COVERING PLATE; AND (3) TWO KEYS OF DIFFERING TYPES. SEVERAL KEYS HAVE BEEN FOUND.

and handled in the warehouses; and the tools used were those that are still used to-day—the chisels, gouges, hammers, steelyards, folding rules, the claw-bars and the warehouseman's hooks. The rebating chisel (of Fig. 2) is as good to-day as ever it was; and though most museum curators would have been chary of sharpening it on the grindstone, every archaeologist must be delighted that the workman who found it did so, and discovered that it took as good an edge as it did 1800 years ago.





FOR 2000 years the Etruscans have been a puzzle, and not all the research of modern archaeologists has provided a solution to the dilemma first stated by the historian Dionysius of Halicarnassus, writing in the reign of the Emperor Augustus; some people, he said, considered them indigenous to Italy, others that they were immigrants from abroad—that is, from the Eastern Mediterranean. We now have the evidence set out for us by Professor Pallottino, who holds the Chair of Etruscology and Italic Archaeology at Rome, in a handsome volume\* embellished by admirable photographs, mainly by Martin Hürlimann. The author inclines to the view that "Elements of different origins, both indigenous and foreign, have probably all played their part. In this respect the partisans of both theories may both be right." But he adds: "It would be wrong, however, to identify the ethnic characteristics of the Etruscans with the ancient elements which went towards their composition; just as it would be wrong and ridiculous to call the Ligurians, the Celts, the Romans, the Franks and the Burgundians who have combined to form the French race, by the name of 'French.'" So be it—the Etruscans were a mongrel people, as mongrel as the English, and none the worse for that. They were pleasure-loving, prosperous, allied at one time to Carthage, bound together in a loose confederation of city-states, and in due course succumbed to the overwhelming pressure of the Roman Republic. The disaster was so complete that within a brief period of time their language disappeared; all that is left are a few thousand funeral epitaphs and votive dedications, the importance of which is limited. "How limited," says the author, "becomes clear if we picture someone trying to assess the thought and literature of a modern nation from the tombstones in a few cemeteries, inscriptions on a handful of buildings and some pages torn from its Book of Common Prayer."

Moreover, though the language can be read (the alphabet is a simple one of Greek origin), it presents no affinities with any known language of the ancient world, so the problem is not one of deciphering an unknown script but of finding a meaning to easily distinguishable words; until, therefore, something comparable to the Rosetta stone comes to light, progress will be exasperatingly slow. But if the puzzle in these and other respects is as obscure as it is fascinating, the works of art found in the tombs of this mysterious and gifted people are things which can be appreciated by anyone without reference to their enigmatic origins. How varied they are!—sometimes apparently springing from the mind and heart of a Pheidias, sometimes as third-rate as the visions of a Victorian monumental mason, now richly barbaric, occasionally reticently classical both in form and content. It is a strange and, so far, an incomprehensible amalgam, and it is, I think, at this stage of the book that Pallottino (whose reputation surely requires no commendation from me) best displays the breadth and imaginative insight of his knowledge.

I have quoted a sentence or two and should like to quote more. "The Etruscans were unquestionably slaves to the fascination of Greek art, they were deeply in love with it—as the Romans were to be when they conquered the East between the end of the Republic and the early years of the Empire. They tried to copy and assimilate it. There must also have been a point in time when 'Beauty' came to be identified with 'Classical Greek'—this is not merely a tenet of more modern critical scholarship. But it was precisely their artistic immaturity resulting from their restless and exuberant temperament, from their adherence to ancient Mediterranean traditions, and from the demands of a down-to-earth and distressingly precise form of piety . . . that constituted an

insurmountable barrier, preventing them from understanding the classical *ethos* and from participating in the creativity of classical art. This love of theirs, their irresistible urge which could not adequately express itself, lies at the root of Etruscan art. . . . As if anxious to ease the pressure of this insoluble problem, the Etruscan artificers took refuge in the particular, in the episodic, the characteristic, in the insistent and almost obsessive consideration of individual groups, single figures, or specific gestures which often stand out from flat and mediocre compositions by virtue of the boundless force and energy they express."

There appears to be only one other book in English dealing with the art of this lost civilisation (P. J. Riis: "Etruscan Art," Copenhagen 1953). Surprisingly, there is no current book in English which provides an account of the development of Italian sculpture—that is, of the marvellous achievements of the dozens of great men and their followers who adorned the churches and public buildings of Etruria and the neighbouring lands 1500 years and more later—in spite of the fact that these monuments have been admired by every generation since, and have become familiar to thousands of holiday-makers in recent times; so familiar perhaps, and in such numbers, that all but a very few have been incurious about them, taking so great riches for granted, and distinguishing only the work of three or four outstanding personalities. Three

which seems to me over-rigid, but which is doubtless practical and academically correct, though liable to lead the unwary into thinking that at some particular date—for example, when Lorenzo Ghiberti died in 1455—somebody decided that it was time Italian art set out on a fresh course; in fact, as the pundits know perfectly well, it was changing with each generation, styles were continually overlapping, and specially gifted individuals were imposing their own personal vision of the world upon current fashions.



FIG. 1. "PORTRAIT OF A BOY," FIRST HALF OF THIRD CENTURY B.C. BRONZE. FLORENCE. (Height: 9 ins.)



FIG. 2. HEAD OF THE "MARS FROM TODI," 380-370 B.C. BRONZE. TODI, ROME, VATICAN. (About 1/4 life size.)

The "Portrait of a Boy" is a delicate fragment in which the influence of clay-modelling can be seen. The "Mars from Todi" (height about 4 1/2 ft.) is "one of the few surviving large bronze Etruscan statues," which was discovered in 1835 in Umbria. Both illustrations are taken from the "Art of the Etruscans." (Reproduced by courtesy of the publishers.)

In short, I find these scholastic labels misleading rather than helpful, if only because they encourage us to deny to some so-called Gothic sculptor certain qualities which we are encouraged to look for in a later man. For example, to imprison the beautifully sensitive head by Domenico di Niccolò, of Fig. 4, in the strait-waistcoat of "Italian Gothic" because it happens to have been carved in 1414 or 1415 seems to me meaningless; if we must have labels, let them fit the sculpture, not attach the sculpture to the labels, lest we delude the innocent. Querulous and captious am I about a minor point? Let me hasten to add that, as an introduction to so wide and complicated a subject, this book could hardly be improved upon and there is certainly no one in England better qualified to write it. The first part of the book is devoted to an account of stylistic developments. Very few will be found willing to argue with the author, who has all the answers at his finger-tips. Have I misread him, or do I detect a certain embarrassment on his part in finding himself committed to the conventional framework of these pedantic labels? He seems to struggle hard to escape from them, and very nearly breaks his self-imposed bonds in such a passage as the following: "There persisted in the greater part of the peninsula a classical tradition far more pervasive and more strongly-rooted than in the North . . . the antique existed as a force in its own right, at first resisting

and then tempering the new style which filtered southwards from beyond the Alps. . . . It is sometimes claimed that the Renaissance in the North was, in its essentials, Gothic. The converse can also be maintained, that Gothic in Italy partakes of the nature of Renaissance art." Readers who find a lengthy discussion about styles not greatly to their taste will derive the greatest possible pleasure from the very full notes about each sculptor and about each of the 108 plates and 101 text illustrations.



FIG. 3. "CARYATIDS," DETAIL FROM NICOLA PISANO'S "FONTANA MAGGIORE" IN PERUGIA. BRONZE.

The polygonal "Fontana Maggiore" was completed in 1278, and Nicola Pisano was assisted by his son Giovanni. Domenico di Niccolò's "St. John the Evangelist" was originally one of two figures which flanked a Crucifix in the Duomo at Siena. These two illustrations are taken from "Italian Gothic Sculpture."

Reproduced by courtesy of the publishers.



FIG. 4. "ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST," BY DOMENICO DI NICCOLÒ. S. PIETRO OVILE, SIENA. PIGMENTED WOOD.

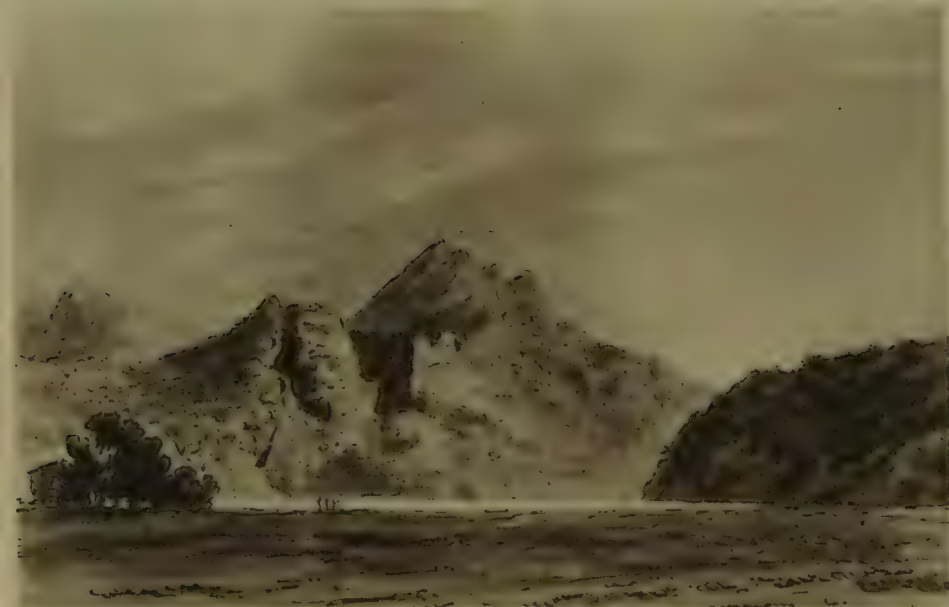
volumes, of which "Italian Gothic Sculpture," by Mr. John Pope-Hennessy,† is the first, are now announced by Phaidon and will make good this omission. The other two will deal with Renaissance, and Mannerist and Baroque sculpture, a classification

\* "Art of the Etruscans." Text by M. Pallottino and Photographs by W. Drayer and M. Hürlimann. 126 Photogravure Plates, 3 in Colour. (Thames and Hudson, London; 42s.)

† "Italian Gothic Sculpture," by John Pope-Hennessy. 108 Plates and 101 Text Illustrations. (Phaidon Press; 42s.)



## FROM A FAMOUS COLLECTION OF WATER-COLOURS: NOW AT THE ARTS COUNCIL.



"GLARIS. LAKE OF WALLENSTADT"; BY JOHN ROBERT COZENS (1752?-1797). (Pen and wash with slight tints; 9½ by 14½ ins.)



"CIVITA LAVINIA"; BY WILLIAM PARS, A.R.A. (1742-1782), WHO TRAVELLED WIDELY IN EUROPE. (Water-colour; 14½ by 20½ ins.)

THE exhibition of "British Water-Colours and Drawings" being shown by The Arts Council, at their gallery in St. James's Square until October 22, is the second series to be shown from the Gilbert Davis Collection. In his introduction to the catalogue, Mr. Davis is careful to point out that, whereas the first

(Continued opposite.



"PADDINGTON STATION"; BY MYLES BIRKET FOSTER (1825-1899). THIS SKETCH WAS IN THE COLLECTION OF THE DAUGHTER-IN-LAW OF THE ARTIST. (Water-colour; 2½ by 5 ins.)



"GREENWICH PENSIONER"; BY SIR DAVID WILKIE, R.A. (1785-1841), WHO WAS "PAINTER-IN-ORDINARY" TO THREE MONARCHS. (Wash; 13½ by 10½ ins.)



"VILLAGE FAIR, EAST BERGHOLT, 1811"; BY JOHN CONSTABLE, R.A. (1776-1837). (Pencil; 4 by 7½ ins.)



"PORTRAIT OF A SMALL GIRL"; BY JAMES WARD, R.A. (1769-1859). (Black crayon, heightened with white; 11 by 8½ ins.)



"MONT CENIS AND FERRY"; BY SAMUEL PALMER (1805-1881). SAMUEL PALMER EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY WHEN ONLY FIFTEEN YEARS OLD. (Water-colour; 10½ by 14½ ins.)

(Continued.)

acquaintance with unfamiliar works by some of the best-known British water-colourists, such as the interesting Samuel Palmer shown on this page, as well as with works by lesser-known artists. The tiny sketch of Paddington Station by Myles Birket Foster, who was employed by *The Illustrated London News* on its foundation in 1842, and the impressive interior scene by John Scarlett Davis, are excellent examples of the wide scope of British water-colour painting. Among



"LORD BYRON IN THE PALAZZO MOCENIGO, VENICE"; BY JOHN SCARLETT DAVIS (1804-1844?). (Water-colour; 13 by 18½ ins.)

works not shown on this page are some by David Cox, Bonington, Callow, Girtin, Lear and Rowlandson. The last is represented by two drawings, the very typical "French Soldier and Family," and "a fine example of his more serious work," the "Carrier's Cart outside an Inn." There are three works by Edward Lear, including a most evocative water-colour of the Dead Sea. Mr. Davis's selection provides something for most tastes.



# IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

## A PARADISE WITHOUT GARDENS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

AFTER visiting what, to me, is one of the finest and most delightful gardens in all England, St. Nicholas, at Richmond, in

Yorkshire, we came on by easy stages to Lochboisdale, on the island of South Uist, in the Outer Hebrides. South Uist of misguided missiles fame. South Uist of "Whisky Galore" fame. I had not realised until I came here that that glorious story, both the book and the film, was substantially true, and took place in South Uist. The film, though, was made on the neighbouring island of Barra. For many years I had known of Lochboisdale as an "angler's paradise," never dreaming that I would ever come here, to try conclusions with the sea trouts, for which the place is famous. Forgive that fatuous term "angler's paradise." Fatuous and hackneyed. I first came really to detest it in America, when plant-collecting in Oregon and California, where every least spot of water, which had long since been fished to a frazzle, was written up as an "angler's paradise." Being afflicted with a strict regard for truth, I will, to the best of my ability, keep off the subject of angling, except to say that a brown trout which one would consider an exceptionally fine specimen in the Cotswolds would here, at Lochboisdale, be regarded as having only just reached the age of consent, or just reached killable size—a sea trout, that is. And for sheer brilliant dashing fight these fish would leave wild cats gently purring.

As regards gardening and flowers, South Uist, as far as I have seen it within a radius of seven or eight miles of Lochboisdale, is far from being a gardener's paradise. In fact, gardens are almost non-existent. The majority of cottages and small houses seem to have sprouted up among the rocks and heather and other herbage, and then to have left it at that. Not a vestige of any garden. Not even a hedge or fence. Sheep and cattle are free to browse right up to the front door. One natty little house which I have passed several times has a small wired-in enclosure, as though for gardening purposes. But the only vegetation within was the natural sward of dwarf grasses and heather, and four or five dwarf native willow bushes—species unidentified. A larger and rather more pretentious house had a moderate-sized garden surrounded by a wall. Here I saw a plot of ground recently cleared of potatoes and a small planting of members of the cabbage tribe. They were doing uncommonly well. The only flowers that I noticed were a few marigolds (*Calendula*), a 6-ft. fuchsia bush—the ubiquitous *Fuchsia magellanica* of the West Coast of Scotland—and a big bush of one of the New Zealand broad-leaved veronicas, with purplish-violet flowers. There was also a 6-ft. bush apple carrying a few apples. Little else.

Then there is the famous Lochboisdale Hotel, at which I am staying, one of the most comfortable, friendly and delightful country hotels I ever enjoyed. But the relatively small amount of garden surrounding the hotel is, to any garden-lover, a sad

example of lost opportunity. Close to the front door there is a great outcropping mass of natural rock, which has been fenced in, and at some time treated as a natural rock garden, with what appear to be a few supplementary rocks, well placed for holding soil and harbouring rock plants. There are a few surviving rock plants, a clump of montbretias, and a number of quite flourishing weeds. The original enterprise of making it attractive by planting "Alpines" has, I am informed, been abandoned on account of the difficulty of obtaining any labour to look after it. A thousand pities. At very little expense that rock garden might quite easily be planted in such a way as to require no after-care beyond the simplest and most elementary weeding, and yet be a pleasure and an attraction to every visitor to the hotel, both winter and summer. One or two prostrate junipers, such as *Juniperus tamariscifolia*

All that would be needed would be a careful selection of suitable plants by someone with knowledge of plants suitable for such a situation, in peaty soil, and a mild, wet, windy climate. There is another plot of garden below my bedroom window. It is of a very manageable size, and protected from the south by a high sea-wall. Protected, too, from the sea, which lies immediately below. This little garden is well sheltered by the sea-wall on one side, and the hotel on the other. Yet there is precious little of real interest or merit in it. But what a jolly plot it might quite easily become. An ideal home for the dwarfer rhododendrons and azaleas, for pernettyas with their dense clusters of berries, pink, crimson and white all winter; in fact, for innumerable dwarfish flowering and berrying shrubs, for a selection of herbaceous plants, and for such hardy annuals as calendulas in good varieties; the annual larkspurs, the cornflowers, clarkias, godetias, and so on. How invaluable as cut-flowers for the dining-room and the various sitting-rooms, and what a much more cheerful outlook when viewed from the comfort indoors, than the existing scene of semi-neglect and lost opportunity. I trust my host, Mr. Mackenzie, will forgive this kindly-meant criticism of the garden setting of his otherwise superlative hotel.

One race of plants which I feel very sure would flourish exceptionally well is the hardy fuchsias. I have mentioned the ubiquitous old *Fuchsia magellanica*, which grows here to a height of 5 or 6 ft. But why not the far handsomer "Mrs. Popple," with its big crimson-and-purple flowers; "Mrs. Wood," in dainty shell-pink and white; "Mme. Cornelisen,"

scarlet and white, and a dozen other perfectly hardy varieties?

The wild flowers of South Uist are, I am told, exceptionally lovely, but now, at the end of September, there are few left. The little bog asphodel in swampy places, however, is in seed, and its erect torches of pointed seed-vessels in bright orange-gold are enchanting, and so, too, are the brilliant violet button-heads of a dwarf wild scabious. On a sandy seashore I looked—without success—for the oyster plant, *Mertensia maritima*, a plant I am very anxious to grow again. I collected it once on the west coast near Logan, and grew it successfully for years. Alas, my passion for oysters led me to kill my plants by too much nibbling of its leaves. But though I failed to find this treasure, I came upon a most attractive crucifer growing in exactly the sort of position that it affects in nature. This crucifer grew in wide mats, a yard or more across, and 1 ft. or 18 ins. high. Its leaves were fleshy, and the plants were thickly covered with a fine show of lilac flower-heads which are deliciously honey-scented, and which look very like my old friend *Cheiranthus linifolius*. I collected seeds, but am not banking on its behaving in my garden as it does in the fine, white sand on the shores of South Uist, and with an uninterrupted view, if not of, at any rate in the direction of, America.



A "BLACK HOUSE" IN THE LOCHBOISDALE DISTRICT OF SOUTH UIST.

"Black Houses" are now rare in the Western Isles; but this example, though no longer typical of South Uist housing, certainly fits Mr. Elliott's description as regards gardening practice. "The majority of cottages and small houses seem to have sprouted up among the rocks and heather and other herbage, and then to have left it at that. Not a vestige of any garden. Not even a hedge or fence. Sheep and cattle are free to browse right up to the front door."

Photograph by the Scottish Tourist Board.

and the Waukegan juniper, might be planted in positions from which they could be left to spread out over the rock to their heart's content and their owner's ever-increasing pride. A few colourful dwarf-growing Alpines, such as *Potentillas*, *Polygonum vacinifolium*—for autumn colour—some of the heartier silver saxifrages, and so on, could occupy and decorate the crevice positions, and, above all, the more open expanses of soil, in which weeds and montbretias now luxuriate, could be planted with a dense ground-cover of a selection of a dozen or more varieties of heathers, including the various forms, purple, crimson, pink and white, of the winter-flowering heather, *Erica carnea*.

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# PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: SOME PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



**A FRENCH AMBASSADOR RETIRING :  
M. FRANÇOIS-PONCET.**

The French Ambassador to the Federal German Republic, M. François-Poncet, retired from his post and from the Diplomatic Service on September 30. He is sixty-eight. His knowledge of German affairs is exhaustive, for he was Ambassador in Berlin from 1931-38, has spent most of his life in Germany, and is a convinced advocate of closer Franco-German understanding. He has declared his intention of writing for the Paris newspaper *Le Figaro*.



**RESIGNED AS PRESIDENT OF THE  
LIBERAL PARTY : LORD REA.**

A statement issued by the Liberal Party on September 26 announced that Lord Rea, who succeeded Lord Samuel as leader of the Liberal peers in the House of Lords in June, has resigned the office of President of the Liberal Party, in view of his new responsibilities in the House of Lords and other political commitments.



**RETIRING FROM THE V. AND A.  
MUSEUM : SIR LEIGH ASHTON.**

Sir Leigh Ashton, Director and Secretary of the Victoria and Albert Museum since 1945, is to retire, because of ill-health, on October 20, his fifty-eighth birthday. He joined the staff in 1922, and since his appointment as Director, he has done much to reorganise and modernise the Museum. He also arranged many important and successful loan exhibitions.



**RETIRING FROM THE BRITISH  
MUSEUM : DR. C. J. GADD.**

Keeper of the Department of Egyptian and Assyrian Antiquities at the British Museum since 1948, Dr. C. J. Gadd retired on September 30. He is sixty-two years old, and has been on the Museum staff for thirty-seven years. He has been appointed to the Chair of Ancient Semitic Languages in the University of London.



**APPOINTED CONSERVATIVE PARTY  
CHAIRMAN : MR. OLIVER POOLE.**

Mr. Oliver Poole is to succeed Lord Woolton as Chairman of the Conservative Party Organisation, it was announced on September 29. The Member of Parliament for Oswestry from 1945 to 1950, Mr. Poole, who is forty-four, has since been head of the Conservative political centre and a joint honorary treasurer of the party. He takes up his new duties in November. Mr. Donald Kaberry becomes Vice-Chairman in place of Mr. John Hare.



**A TEST CRICKETER ORDAINED :  
MR. D. S. SHEPPARD.**

Mr. David Sheppard, the former Sussex and England cricket captain, was ordained as a deacon by the Bishop of London, Dr. Wand, in St. Paul's Cathedral on September 29. He is to become a curate at St. Mary's, the Parish Church of Islington, and his future as a cricketer is at present undecided. His appearances in first-class cricket this year have been few. He is twenty-six.



**ELECTED LORD MAYOR OF LONDON : ALDERMAN C. L. ACKROYD, (SEEN HERE WITH HIS WIFE) WILL  
TAKE UP OFFICE ON NOVEMBER 8.**

In a ceremony at Guildhall, on September 29, Alderman Cuthbert Lowell Ackroyd was elected Lord Mayor of London. A Yorkshireman, aged sixty-three, Mr. Ackroyd has spent the whole of his business life in the City, as a wool merchant. He has been a Liveryman since 1940, became an Alderman for Cordwainer Ward in 1945, and was Senior Sheriff in 1949. Mrs. Ackroyd, who was at Girton, is a former Cambridge Tennis blue, and captained the University Women's team. Until November 8, Alderman Ackroyd will be known as Lord Mayor-elect.



**THE NEW TURKISH AMBASSADOR  
ARRIVES : MR. SUAT HAYRI URGUPLU.**

The new Turkish Ambassador in London, Mr. Suat Hayri Urganlu, arrived to take up his appointment on September 28. Mr. Urganlu was born in 1903, and is by training a lawyer. During the war he held Cabinet office, and he has been Ambassador at Bonn since 1952. On arrival he said that he would strive to increase trade between Turkey and Britain.



**APPOINTED DEAN OF THE ARCHES :  
MR. HENRY WILLINK.**

The Archbishop of Canterbury has appointed Mr. Henry Willink, O.C., Master of Magdalene College, Cambridge, to be Dean of the Court of Arches. This, and the other Church appointments to be held by Mr. Willink, have become vacant by the resignation, owing to ill-health, of Sir Philip Wilbraham Baker-Wilbraham.



**WINNER OF AN AUSTRALIAN GOLF  
CHAMPIONSHIP : MISS V. ANSTAY.**

While touring Australia with the British women's junior golf team, Miss Veronica Anstey (Edgbaston), a Warwickshire County player, won the Australian Women's Golf Championship, on September 24, on the Kensington course, Sydney. Miss Anstey, who is only twenty, has had several other golf successes in Australia.



**TO LEAD BOMBER COMMAND :  
AIR MARSHAL SIR HARRY  
BROADHURST.**

The Air Ministry announced, on Sept. 28, that Air Marshal Sir Harry Broadhurst will succeed Air Marshal Sir George Mills as Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Bomber Command, in January. Sir Harry, who is fifty, served in the Western Desert during the Second World War, and with the Allied Expeditionary Air Force.



**TO COMMAND IN CENTRAL  
EUROPE :  
AIR MARSHAL SIR GEORGE MILLS.**

Among the higher R.A.F. appointments announced by the Air Ministry on September 28 was that of Air Marshal Sir George Mills, Chief of Bomber Command since 1953, who is to succeed Air Chief Marshal Sir Basil Embry as Commander of the Allied Air Forces in Central Europe. Sir George is fifty-three.



**RELEASED FROM SPANDAU PRISON :  
EX-ADMIRAL RAEDER,  
ACCOMPANIED BY HIS WIFE.**

After serving nine years of the life term to which he was sentenced for war crimes at Nuremberg in 1946, ex-Admiral Raeder was released from the Spandau war criminals' prison in Berlin, on September 26, as the result of a Four-Power decision. He was released "on account of his advanced age (he is seventy-nine) and the state of his health."



**TO COMMAND THE SECOND TACTICAL  
AIR FORCE : AIR VICE-  
MARSHAL LORD BANDON**

Air Vice-Marshal Lord Bandon has been appointed Commander-in-Chief the Second Tactical Air Force, with the acting rank of Air Marshal. He takes up this new appointment, which also carries with it the N.A.T.O. post of Commander, Second Allied Tactical Air Force, in December. Lord Bandon is fifty-one.



**RETIRED FROM THE R.A.F. :  
AIR CHIEF MARSHAL SIR BASIL  
EMBRY.**

In confirmation of his statement of September 11, the Air Ministry have announced the compulsory retirement of Air Chief Marshal Sir Basil Embry, Commander-in-Chief, Allied Air Forces, Central Europe. He was previously Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Fighter Command. He is fifty-three.





**NORTH AMERICAN DEFENCE: ONE OF A SERIES OF RADAR STATIONS BEING BUILT ON THE D.E.W. LINE ACROSS THE NORTHERN RIM OF NORTH AMERICA.**

Canada and the United States are going ahead with work on mammoth projects for the protection of North America against atom-bomb carriers in the event of war. Twin chains of early warning stations will stretch right across Canada, forming concentric circles around the populated centres of both Canada and the United States. The northerly line D.E.W. (Distant Early Warning) is a U.S. responsibility.



**TO BE REOPENED FOR SERVICES THIS MONTH: THE CHAPEL ROYAL AT ST. JAMES'S PALACE WHICH HAS BEEN CLOSED FOR RENOVATION AND CLEANING.**

The Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace, is to be reopened for services this month after having been closed for renovation and cleaning. This photograph shows an interior of the chapel, scene of many Royal marriages, looking towards the Royal Pew over the West Door.



**THE CHANGING FACE OF LONDON: SENTINEL HOUSE, A NEW BUILDING AT THE JUNCTION OF THEOBALDS ROAD AND SOUTHAMPTON ROW.**

Many new buildings have been completed or are in process of completion in central London, where redevelopment is going on in war-damaged areas. Sentinel House is one of a number of huge blocks of office buildings which have been built on bomb sites. The architects of Sentinel House are T. P. Bennett and Co.

## AMERICAN DEFENCE PROJECTS, OLYMPIC GAMES PREPARATIONS, BUILDINGS OLD AND NEW.



**RIPPING UP THE TURF WHERE GREAT CRICKETERS HAVE PLAYED: MELBOURNE CRICKET GROUND AT THE BEGINNING OF PREPARATIONS FOR THE OLYMPIC GAMES.**

This photograph shows the beginning of operations on September 19 to prepare the Melbourne Cricket Ground, Victoria, for the 1956 Olympic Games. The whole arena was expected to be completely regraded and grassed within fourteen weeks. A comprehensive system of drainage pipes and ash drainage beds will make it one of the best all-weather grounds in the world.



**CONSECRATED BY THE BISHOP OF SOUTHWARK: THE CHURCH OF ST. MARY THE VIRGIN, WELLING, SHOWING THE PROCESSION MOVING TO THE WEST DOOR.**

On October 2 the Bishop of Southwark, the Rt. Rev. Bertram F. Simpson, consecrated the new parish church of St. Mary the Virgin at Welling, in Kent. The parish was previously served by a mission church. Over the West Door is a series of *graffito* drawings by Mr. Augustus Lunn.



**ON A MOUNTAIN TOP NEAR RONCHAMP, IN FRANCE: AN UNUSUAL "SINGING" CHAPEL, WITH A CURIOUS ROOF SHAPED LIKE AN ORIENTAL SLIPPER.**

This chapel near Ronchamp, which replaces a war-damaged thirteenth-century church, has been designed by M. Charles E. J. Le Corbusier. Mountain winds blowing between the columns under the roof and through archways make sounds which resemble organ-music and which can be heard for many miles.



## SOME FAMOUS TIMEPIECES PAST AND PRESENT: AT THE GOLDSMITHS' HALL.



AN EIGHT-DAY REPEATING CLOCK, MADE BY ALEXANDER WATKINS FOR THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1851. IT TOOK HIM SEVEN YEARS TO COMPLETE.



DESCRIBED BY EXPERTS AS "THE MOST IMPORTANT WATCH IN THE WORLD," THIS MASTERPIECE, MADE IN 1759 BY THOMAS MUDGE, CONTAINS THE FIRST EXAMPLE OF THE "LEVER OR ANCHOR" ESCAPEMENT. THIS WAS A REVOLUTIONARY IMPROVEMENT IN THE MAKING OF WATCHES.



COMING FROM THE EMPEROR OF CHINA'S WINTER PALACE IN PEKIN, THIS MUSICAL, AUTOMATIC CLOCK IS NOW IN THE QUEEN'S COLLECTION.



ALSO FROM THE QUEEN'S COLLECTION, THIS BEAUTIFUL WILLIAM III. CLOCK WAS MADE BY THOMAS TOMPION IN 1699. IT GOES FOR THREE MONTHS AND HAS A PERPETUAL CALENDAR.



THIS SILVER SKULL WATCH, AS BIG AS A BOY'S FIST, WAS GIVEN BY MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS, SHORTLY BEFORE HER EXECUTION, TO ONE OF HER MAIDS OF HONOUR.

THE six-day exhibition telling the story of British horology from 1455-1955, which closes to-day, October 8, has been arranged by the British Clock and Watch Industry at the Goldsmiths' Hall, Foster Lane. Entitled "Five Centuries of British Time-keeping," the exhibition is divided into two sections. The historical section consists of famous timepieces from the past. Several of the most precious of these

(Continued below.)



THIS CLOCK IS REPUTED TO HAVE BEEN GIVEN BY HENRY VIII. TO ANNE BOLEYN, ON THE OCCASION OF THEIR MARRIAGE IN 1533.



MADE BY HENRY GRENDON OF LONDON, THIS ROCK CRYSTAL WATCH IS ASSOCIATED WITH THE STORY OF CHARLES II.'S ESCAPE AFTER THE BATTLE OF WORCESTER, IN 1651. IT IS ALSO LENT BY THE QUEEN.

(Continued.)

are lent from the Queen's collections at Windsor Castle and Buckingham Palace, and have never before been seen in public. Some of these are illustrated on this page. The other half of the exhibition contains a wide range of up-to-date British clocks and watches. The great skill and ingenuity of many generations of English watchmakers is to be seen in the several hundred exhibits, some of the most interesting of which are shown here. Thomas Mudge's masterpiece was probably constructed as a result of the large prize of £20,000 offered by the British Government for a timekeeper of sufficient accuracy to solve the problem of finding the longitude at sea. The watch was bought by George III., who gave it to his Queen.



USED IN THE B.B.C. TELEVISION PROGRAMMES, THIS SCALE MODEL OF BIG BEN WAS MADE BY MESSRS. F. W. ELLIOT LTD. IT IS ONE OF THE MANY MODERN EXHIBITS ON SHOW.



# THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

## MERELY A MOUSTACHE.

By J. C. TREWIN.

IT seems to be a great many years now—and, indeed, it is—since I filled an exercise-book with the most piercing drama (so I held) written in its time. In the theatre it would have pierced, but in the wrong fashion. An audience would have been stabbed with laughter, and I wish sometimes that the script were extant: it might be profitable. Inspiration derived from a set of melodramas staged at a West Country theatre by one of the last companies to specialise in them. It was after a particularly stern night that I wrote a line (for distraught

helpless, throttled, "Aaah! No!" he hurries after Falstaff. Mr. Wordsworth makes a glorious thing of this comic Ford. One has watched the part handled all too heavily by actors who think in terms of Leontes, and who, as it were, sink the boat by dropping lumps of lead through the bottom. Not so Mr. Wordsworth. I do not think anyone is likely to have his frenzied Ford in mind when, early in November, we meet Leontes himself upon the Old Vic stage.

The Leontes will be Paul Rogers, who is here monstrosously disguised as Falstaff in Stuart costume (the costumes are a change) that emphasises the man's bulk. I have never seen a bigger Falstaff and, at the same time, a nimbler one anywhere. Mr. Rogers is most resourceful in extravagant comedy; Falstaff's expressive eye, his bristling coxcomb of white hair, and the sudden squeezed gentilities of his voice (as of plums being sucked through a sieve) help to compose an exuberant portrait. His lip, too, is hirsute; I may have said this.

There are several other gay and athletic performances. They need to be athletic, for the night is spent in running, hustling, thwacking and pistol-banging in and out of Paul Shelving's permanent set: a delightful bit of stage architecture with all that late-Tudor playgoers would have needed (and the proper hints that this is a play of the winter season in spite of the dialogue that "smells April and May"). Dudley Jones's tiny Parson Hugh—who uses the hilt of his sword as a tuning-fork—Rachel Roberts, who mitigates the tedium of Quickly, and Zena Walker's sweet Anne Page, come off as well as anyone in the cast.

Here I pause with a sad lack of gallantry. The play is called "The Merry Wives," and we expect Mistress Page and Mistress Ford to be suitably blithe. Wendy Hiller and Margaret Rawlings are very fine emotional actresses, but they were never designed for the broader comedy, for scuttering around the buck-basket. Perhaps we had better leave it there—observing with pleasure that we are soon to see them as Hermione and Paulina—and return meanwhile to the desperate manipulation of Mr. Wordsworth's moustache.



"I FOUND THE NIGHT AN EXCITEMENT BECAUSE OF DAPHNE SLATER. THIS WAS ONE OF THE MOST PENETRATING PERFORMANCES I HAD SEEN DURING THE YEAR": "THE ERMINE" (PLAYHOUSE, NOTTINGHAM), SHOWING DAPHNE SLATER AS MONIME, WITH FREDERICK BARTMAN AS FRANTZ, IN A SCENE FROM JEAN ANOUILH'S PLAY.

mother, gazing upon her disguised murderer-son) that strikes me still as remarkably fine stuffed-owl: "My son, how hirsute is thy upper lip!"

With this on my conscience (and my upper lip stiff) it will be understood why I "react" to moustaches, and why, in future, I am unlikely to think of the new "Merry Wives of Windsor" without remembering Richard Wordsworth's Ford. In this Old Vic version, Ford, appearing to Falstaff at the Garter in the semblance of Master Brook, has one of the finest moustaches on record. It ranks with Harry Tate's. It is richly curved and it is detachable. When it is added to Mr. Wordsworth's determinedly sinister face, the twitching cheek, glinting, narrowing eyes and pursed mouth, the result is irresistible. Even more so when Ford, having lost the moustache in a flurry, puts it on upside-down and becomes, in a moment, singularly drooping (like a tired Ancient Briton) where he had been ferocious.

This has very little to do with Shakespeare. It is a bit of mimed farce that (so a former editor of mine would have said grimly) is "spatchcocked into the texture of the original." No matter. It is absurdly comic, and the Old Vic shook while Mr. Wordsworth, feeling something to be wrong, explored the terrain anxiously, and Paul Rogers, a puzzled Falstaff, stroked his own moustache to ensure that these somersaults were not contagious.

After this we wiped our eyes and resumed "The Merry Wives of Windsor." But by then it had become "Falstaff and Ford." In future revivals this scene must be sadly flat without the hirsute upper lip.

Simple pleasures? Well, "The Merry Wives" is a simple play. There is no need to treat the text delicately. It is meant to be a farce, and a farce should roar. Douglas Seale, producing at the Old Vic, puts in more business than we have known since Komisarjevsky's fantasia at Stratford-upon-Avon. He loads every rift. The result is happiest when it is maddest, when all moves into a swirl of mock-melodramatics, Ford tossing his cloak like a comic opera bandit, and Pistol (John Wood) swooping like a grease-paint Mephistopheles. Inevitably, some of the invention limps; but now and then there is an inspired moment hard to convey in print. Ford, we know, is used to ranting soliloquies. In the last act, as Falstaff draws him away with the relishing "Follow! Strange things in hand, Master Brook! Follow!" Ford leaps for a moment, snarling, to the front of the stage. Then he flings up his hand. With a



"THE NIGHT IS SPENT IN RUNNING, HUSTLING, THWACKING AND PISTOL-BANGING IN AND OUT OF PAUL SHELIVING'S PERMANENT SET": "THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR" (OLD VIC), SHOWING THE SCENE IN WHICH FALSTAFF (PAUL ROGERS) DESIRES SLENDER (JOE STEWART) TO MAKE GOOD HIS CLAIMS TO HAVE BEEN ROUGHLY HANDLED BY FALSTAFF'S FOLLOWERS. IN THE CENTRE IS PISTOL (JOHN WOOD).

John Harrison, I understand, is to produce "The Winter's Tale" at the Playhouse, Nottingham, within a few weeks. (It will be something for the engagement books.) Lately this distinguished director has allowed us to see the first British production of Anouilh's "The Ermine." It was Anouilh's first important play, and Mr. Harrison has done a service to collectors. It astonished me to find that the most charming and perfervid of our critical Francophiles had not made the journey to Nottingham—a short one, and, for the sake of the acting at the Playhouse, rewarding. By now he may have caught up.

It is true, of course, that "The Ermine" is not of much value to a trumpeter of the French theatre. It is founded on the odd idea—very much in the Anouilh manner—that love, the spotless "ermine" of pure love, needs to be protected by a barrier of money. Pure love and poverty cannot mingle; therefore let us kill the Duchess. (I am sorry if this transition seems to be sudden, but the Duchess is the rich aunt of the girl whom the poverty-stricken young man loves.)

Theatrically, if we do not examine the logic, the play—a *pièce noire* if ever there was one—has a certain direct force. It is of interest as a prologue to the thought of the later Anouilh, and of more interest as an acting play, especially with such artists as Daphne Slater and Frederick Bartman. Mr. Bartman has a good, sharp vigour; but I found the night an excitement because of Daphne Slater. This was one of the most penetrating performances I had seen during the year. It held us in its honesty, its control, and during the last act, in that sudden terrifying revelation of the truth. The actress is to play Hermione in "The Winter's Tale"; it is, I repeat, not far to Nottingham.

I have only to report, finally, that "Bell, Book and Candle" is in its second witching year at the Phoenix, with Joan Greenwood now purring over her Knightsbridge spells—and agreeably, too—in place of Lilli Palmer. The second act, with Rex Harrison's cry of "Taxi!", is still among the funniest things in London. That and Mr. Wordsworth's moustache. How hirsute is his upper lip!

N.B.—In the supplement to *The Illustrated London News*, dated September 24, we reproduced some scenes in colour from Sir Laurence Olivier's latest Shakespearean screen play, "Richard III.," and gave the name of the boy actor who plays the part of Edward, Prince of Wales (later Edward V.) as Paul Hudson. This name should be Paul Huson.



"JOAN GREENWOOD NOW KEEPS US, VERY PROPERLY, SPELLBOUND AS THE KNIGHTSBRIDGE WITCH": "BELL, BOOK AND CANDLE" (PHENIX), SHOWING A SCENE FROM JOHN VAN DRUTEN'S COMEDY WHICH IS NOW ENTERING ITS SECOND YEAR. (L. TO R.) NICHOLAS HOLROYD (DAVID EVANS); GILLIAN (JOAN GREENWOOD) AND AUNT QUEENIE (ATHENE SEYLER). MISS JOAN GREENWOOD TOOK OVER THE PART OF GILLIAN ON SEPTEMBER 21 IN PLACE OF MISS LILLI PALMER, WHO HAS GONE TO GERMANY TO MAKE A FILM.

### OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"THE ERMINE" (Playhouse, Nottingham).—Jean Anouilh's first *pièce noire*, which has been done on sound-radio, comes at last to the English stage. An implausible enough play (Miriam John is the translator), it has the benefit of acting by Daphne Slater and Frederick Bartman, and a production by John Harrison (in Voytek's settings) that do as much as can be done. (September 19.)

"BELL, BOOK AND CANDLE" (Phoenix).—Joan Greenwood now keeps us, very properly, spellbound as the Knightsbridge witch in John van Druten's comedy, past its 400th performance and entering its second year. (September 21.)

"THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR" (Old Vic).—On this page I have discussed Douglas Seale's production, with the Falstaff of Paul Rogers and the detachable moustache of Richard Wordsworth's Ford. (September 27.)



## A CHINESE COMPANY IN LONDON: A SELECTION OF TRADITIONAL OPERA, DANCING AND MIME.



ONE OF THE MANY SYMBOLICAL ACROBATIC MOVEMENTS TO BE SEEN IN "THE FIGHT IN THE DARK." THIS MIME DEPICTS A TRADITIONAL CHINESE STORY.



SHOWING THE SPLENDOR OF THE COSTUMES AND THE GRACE OF THE ACTORS' MOVEMENTS: A SCENE FROM "THE MONKEY'S INVASION OF HEAVEN."



THE HIGH RANK OF THIS MAGNIFICENTLY-DRESSED GENERAL, IN "THE FORTRESS OF YENTANCHAN," IS SYMBOLISED BY HIS LARGE AND COLOURFUL FLAGS.



WANG MING-CHUNG, ONE OF THE LEADING MEMBERS OF THE COMPANY, TAKES THE PART OF THE KING OF THE MONKEYS, WHICH DEMANDS AN IMMENSELY VIGOROUS PERFORMANCE.



ANOTHER PICTURE OF THE TWO ADVERSARIES IN "THE FIGHT IN THE DARK," WHICH ENDS IN RECONCILIATION WHEN THE CANDLE IS AGAIN LIT.



THE ELABORATE MAKE-UP USED BY SOME OF THE ACTORS IS SHOWN IN THIS PHOTOGRAPH FROM "THE MONKEY'S INVASION OF HEAVEN."



OUR PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS (L. TO R.), LIU LAN, TU CHIN-FAN AND YEH SHENG-LAN, THREE OF THE LEADING PERFORMERS IN THE OPERA "THE WHITE SERPENT."

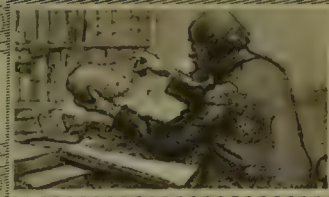
After an immensely successful European tour "The Classical Theatre of China" is to begin a three-week season at The Palace Theatre on Monday, October 24. The visit of this company, which includes some of the leading Chinese performers, has been arranged by the Britain-China Friendship Association. A small advisory body, headed by Mr. Miles Malleon, who will *compère* the London performances, have selected a two-and-a-half-hour programme from the much larger repertoire of the company. The pieces chosen include opera, ballet and

mime, though such conventional Western terms may well be misleading, when applied to these varied excerpts from the Chinese classics. The daring and skilful exploits in the field of gymnastics will seem strange to Western eyes in this context. Brilliant colours, rich and beautiful Oriental costumes and an excellent chorus combine with great speed of performance and the intensity and vigour of the actors to make this an altogether memorable performance. The actors are supported by a traditional Chinese orchestra.





## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



THE members of the crow family (the *Corvidæ*) are, it is generally claimed, the most intelligent of birds. Intelligence is a most difficult quality to define or assess, but this qualification apart, we all have a fair idea what is meant by such an assertion, although there may be differences of opinion as to which birds have the strongest claim to it. At all events, it was with a view, among other things, of studying this matter at first hand that we gladly accepted, last spring, a nest containing two young jays. What had happened to the parents, or why the nest had been removed from its original site, we had no means of knowing, since the young birds were presented to us at third hand. Well, here they were, to be accepted or not, two nestlings with bodies nearly egg-shaped and almost bare, absurdly large legs, and long, skinny necks that stretched up to support insistently gaping mouths. One certain thing was that the young jays were hungry.

One of our foundlings died a few days later. The second, after a period of doubt, gained strength and prospered. For no particular reason he became known as *Jasper*, and at the fledgling stage was put into an aviary with *Niger*, a tame crow we were minding temporarily. At that time we had a round dozen different species of birds in the aviaries, comprising twenty-five individuals, most of them hand-reared, and all under constant observation. Certainly of these the most versatile in behaviour and the most interesting to watch were the corvids, the rook, crow and jay. And of these three the one giving the appearance of greatest intelligence was the jay. This meant that *Jasper* had to attain a high standard, since the rook with which he was being compared was *Corbie* the fire-eater, the one that strikes matches, latches

### JASPER THE ALL-SEEING.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

to call and to gape, without making an effort to come to the wires. It was the jay that most readily learned to make this effort.

Around the aviary are fixed a number of small branches, their twigs near the outer wire. I started the habit of tapping the wires with the forceps at the point where I wanted a bird to alight in order to feed it. The jay responded at the third tap, and thereafter would come at the second or the first tap, or even if I merely rested the tips of the forceps on the wire. The crow took much longer to learn the significance of the tapping, so long, in fact, that it appeared to do so in the end by imitating the jay. Against this, however, it must be admitted that we had hand-fed

London Zoo, and have tried to watch others in the wild, but it seems that the jay's ability to move the eyes in this way must be rare.

The value of this can be exemplified by the occasion when, while my daughter was talking to *Jasper*, our dog came up to her. The jay cocked his head slightly and with one eye looked obliquely downwards at the dog and with the other looked horizontally at my daughter. Presumably, he was able to focus both eyes simultaneously, and it leaves one wondering about the mechanism involved. Can a jay use its eyes as I can my ears? I can listen to a broadcast symphony concert while writing this, enjoying the music but partially and not giving my whole attention to the writing. At any moment I can put down my pen and enjoy the music to the full, or I can shut out the music and pay attention to the words being formed in front of me. Certainly it seems that a jay

has something approaching binocular vision, for he has the habit of looking one straight in the face at most times, by which I mean his beak is directed at one's face, and the eyes, situated neither to the side nor the front of the face, are both directed at the same angle towards the face.

It may be that the elusiveness of the jay in the wild, and much of its success in life, spring from this unusual use of the eyes. I have in mind the sort of advantage that could be enjoyed if our eyes had something of the capacity of a jay's eyes. For example, when walking over rough ground while trying to keep some small moving object under close observation it would be a great help to be able occasionally to turn one eye down to watch for holes in the path. To some extent this is done by using one's peripheral vision—glancing out



JASPER BEGGING FOR FOOD. A JAY IS QUICK IN ALL ITS MOVEMENTS, AND THE MOVEMENTS OF THE EYES, COMBINED WITH QUICK AND READY MOVEMENTS OF THE CREST, IMPART A VIVACITY, THE WHOLE GIVING AN APPEARANCE AT LEAST OF UNUSUAL INTELLIGENCE COMPARED WITH OTHER MEMBERS OF THE CROW FAMILY.

Photographs by Neave Parker.

the jay from a nestling. On the other hand, someone else had fed the crow prior to us. Despite this, both birds often perched too far in from the wires, so that the food in the forceps hardly reached the beak. The jay did this less often, and was the more ready to adjust his position for the forceps to reach him.

During the next few weeks, before *Niger* went back to his permanent home, we felt that *Jasper* had the more impressive personality. It may have been more apparent than real or it may have been due to the following considerations—namely, that he was quicker in movement and that he had the more expressive face. This last was a compound of movements of the crest and the eyes. The crest was erected the moment we spoke to him and it had the same effect on an observer as that of seeing a human listener raise his eyebrows, as if trying to understand the meaning of your words. The alternate raising and lowering of the crest imparted a mobility, almost a vivacity, to the face. And it was in watching his face closely that we discovered a similar mobility in the eyes. The feathers surrounding them were frequently being moved, the pupils contracted and expanded, but, above all, we found that the eyes moved independently of each other, like the eyes of a chameleon, but more rapidly. Indeed, the movement was so rapid that we could not have been sure had *Jasper* not had the incurable habit of staring us straight in the face at close quarters.

I must confess I had never before supposed that any bird possessed this chameleon-like trait. Supposing that this represented a gap somewhere in my education, I made tentative—and diffident—enquiries of ornithologist friends, but as all seemed never to have met it, or heard of it, I started to look around to see what our other eleven species did. The tawny owls can, of course, be eliminated at once. Pigeons I found to have eyes that moved in concert. *Corbie*, the rook, and *Niger* gave me no opportunity, try as I would, but insisted on turning the face to look at me with one eye. The rest similarly gave me no help. Since then I have examined a number of different birds at the



FOCUSSED BOTH EYES ON THE HAND WORKING THE CAMERA-SHUTTER: JASPER, THE COMMON BRITISH JAY (*GARRULUS GLANDARIUS RUPITERRUM*), MAGNIFICENT IN A BROWNISH-PINK PLUMAGE ORNAMENTED WITH BLACKS, WHITES AND GREYS, THE WHOLE SET OFF BY THE VIVID SPLASH OF BLUE ON THE WINGS.

and unlatches the gate-hook on the door of his aviary, and other things besides. But I have said, and deliberately, that the jay had the appearance of being the most intelligent.

Although *Niger*, the crow, was at an age when he should be feeding himself, he still insisted upon being hand-fed. To save effort, we fed him, at the same time as we fed *Jasper*, through the wire of the aviary, holding the food through the wires with forceps. It was noticeable that *Jasper* more quickly learned to respond to the position of the forceps. At first, for example, when one of us appeared with a bowl of food, both the crow and the jay would start



WATCHING THE CAMERA WITH THE LEFT EYE WHILE KEEPING THE DOG IN VIEW WITH THE OTHER: JASPER, WHO CAN MOVE HIS EYES INDEPENDENTLY OF EACH OTHER.

of the corner of the eye, as we say—and the mechanism in a jay's sight may be merely an extension of this.

Before leaving this recording of a somewhat trivial observation, I must make my apologies to *Niger*, and through him to all of his species. After his departure we were asked to adopt another hand-tamed crow. This one allows my daughter to hold his beak with one hand and stroke the feathers at its base. In this way it is possible to see that a crow also moves its eyes independently. Perhaps it is a family trait of corvids. Certainly, the nictitating membranes of a magpie flick independently across their respective eyeballs, but I have yet to meet the tame magpie that will look me straight in the face for more than a split second or allow me to hold his beak.



## INGENUITY AND ACHIEVEMENT: A CAMERA RECORD OF TOPICAL ITEMS FROM FOUR COUNTRIES.



(LEFT.) AT THE HANDING OVER OF THE FIRST GUY ARMoured FIGHTING VEHICLE TO INCORPORATE AN "IMPOSSIBLE" WELDING SYSTEM: (L. TO R.) MR. S. S. GUY, MR. L. R. BRADLEY (DIRECTOR OF THE IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM) AND LORD BENNETT OF EDGBASTON.

On October 1, at a ceremony in London, the first Guy armoured fighting vehicle, incorporating a welding system which the experts had said was impossible but which was developed by Guy Motors, Ltd., and saved the country about £100,000,000 in tank manufacturing costs during the war, was presented to the Imperial War Museum. Mr. Sydney S. Guy is chairman and managing director of the company, which received a grant of £5000 from the Royal Commission on Awards to Inventors.



CLAIMED AS THE WORLD'S FASTEST SAILING BOAT: *MONITOR*, WHICH IS FITTED WITH HYDROFOILS, ON LAKE MENDOTA, WISCONSIN, WHERE, DURING TRIALS, HER SPEED EXCEEDED 30 M.P.H. IN A MODERATE WIND OF ABOUT 15 M.P.H.



SCREWING SAFETY STUDS INTO A CAR TYRE FOR USE ON SNOW-COVERED ROADS: AN INVENTION EXHIBITED THIS YEAR AT THE PARIS AUTUMN FAIR. THE STUDS FIT INTO SPECIALLY PREPARED THREADED HOLES.



USING THE SUN'S ENERGY TO POWER A TELEPHONE SYSTEM: A LINESMAN FITTING A BELL SOLAR BATTERY TO A POST IN GEORGIA, U.S.A.

The device shown is now being used experimentally by the Southern Bell Telephone Company of America to develop and furnish power directly from the sun's rays to a telephone line. Its purpose, if successful, is to serve a new type of rural telephone service. It is claimed that it is at least fifteen times more efficient than the best previous solar energy converters. Any surplus energy developed which is not needed for immediate telephone use feeds a storage battery which provides power during the night or in periods of sunless weather. It has been tested at Americus, in Georgia.



CLAIMED AS THE WORLD'S BIGGEST CATERPILLAR DREDGER: THE HUGE SCOOPS OF THE BLADE WHEEL OF AN EXCAVATOR USED IN A GERMAN LIGNITE MINE. THE DIAMETER OF THE WHEEL IS 16 METRES (52½ FT.) AND THE MACHINE MOVES ALMOST 100,000 CUBIC METRES OF SOIL A DAY.



A NEW TYPE OF CHILDREN'S "PONY": *GEORGE*, A ZEBRA FROM KENYA, WHICH HAS BEEN TRAINED AT THE LONDON ZOO TO CARRY A RIDER. IN GENERAL, ZEBRAS HAVE THE REPUTATION OF BEING VERY DIFFICULT TO TRAIN.



## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

## THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

A WRITER who swept the board with his first novel is in a trying predicament. He is expected to do it again; yet it is far more difficult for him to do it again. Therefore, one wants to avoid captiousness; and it sounds worse than captious to be disappointed with a story which is brilliantly funny, lifelike in a special way, and often brilliant *tout court*. But there is no getting away from it: one would think more of "That Uncertain Feeling," by Kingsley Amis (Gollancz; 12s. 6d.), if one had not read "Lucky Jim." Not because "Lucky Jim" was better—but because they are not different enough. Especially, the hero is not different enough. Last time he was called Dixon, and worked at a provincial university. This time, he calls himself John Lewis, and works in a public library. But he is still the same *enfant terrible*, practising faces in the glass, clowning and cocking snooks at his "betters," and putting on a rather tiresome guttersnipe act: though underneath, he proves to have more sensibility and conscience than most people. As "Lucky Jim" he finally fled the milieu. As Lewis, he has done it over again. . . .

Though it is now an all-Welsh milieu, and the hero has fresh motives for getting out. This time, he is a young married man with two children. His standpoint is aggressively proletarian; his home surroundings are constricting and squalidly proletarian. He and his red-haired, peaky little Jean used to have fun; but with the babies she is too exhausted for fun. On Jean's account, he is applying for a step up. But he has no real interest in it—not like his older colleague, Ieuan Jenkins, who is in desperation about it. Lewis's trouble is *accidie*: a "special depressed feeling" which "combines rootless apprehension, indefinite restlessness and inactivating boredom"—and in which he finds himself all-open to the lure of "curvesome" pin-up girls and "histories of underclothing." And to such accidents as his encounter with Elizabeth Gruffydd-Williams. She is a plutocrat's wife, a typical and domineering member of the "anglicised upper class." Therefore, it is his "political duty" to take against her. And he does, up to a point; but he is also magnetised, conscious of reciprocity, and not wholly displeased by vulgar opulence, after the home *décor* of nappies and squashed biscuit. Besides, her husband is on the Libraries Committee. That will be something to tell Jean: though as he can't stand "fiddles," and already had Jenkins on his mind, it makes him feel a lot worse. . . .

The drama of his temptation, fall and flight seems rather long-drawn. And sometimes the knockabout is too long-drawn: as when, being interrupted in a very funny seduction-scene, he jumps out of a bedroom window in the disguise of a Welshwoman. This joke outstays its time; whereas the joke about Welsh culture, and its protagonist the bogus poet, ought to have more scope. But—as in "Lucky Jim"—there are two basic virtues: an irresistible sincerity, and an irresistibly comic style.

## OTHER FICTION.

"The Big Windows," by Peadar O'Donnell (Cape; 12s. 6d.), exhales that calm, skyeey, poetic charm which is peculiar to Irish stories—and, of course, exceptional even then. It is a tale of about fifty years ago. Brigid, an island girl, is leaving for her new home in Glenmore, a townland far back in the hills, where she will be more alien than "in one of the lake cities of Canada or America." And the islanders are not quite happy about it; though they approved the man, and though his mother came to the wedding and "thanked God for her." They want a clearer view; they feel that she is going to be swallowed up. . . . When she arrived, the women pelted her. Next day, somebody gives her "Balor's eye." She is upset, not scared; for on the island, which is all sky and light, no one believes in those old horrors. But in Glenmore they are scared of everything. And Mary wants her to be scared; Mary is friendly, she has the strongest character in the glen, but she is adamant on adaptation. "Give yourself time. Give the glen time to get a hold of you. . . ."

It is Tom who "sees into" the light, and proposes the big windows. And from that point—after a fierce domestic duel, in which Mary won't speak to her—everyone hankers for "big windows." . . .

This tale is not only about Brigid, or her effect on Glenmore, or her relations with the formidable old woman (which become a wonder). It is the portrait of a whole glen, under the first faint streaks of change. It is as full of matter as of appeal.

"The Candidate," by Martin Mayer (Secker and Warburg; 12s. 6d.), raises the old question of ends and means, in the person of Governor Billy Clelland, who is about to run for President. Clelland was not bred to politics; he is a rich man's son, an ex-professor of history, chosen for office on the strength of his integrity and good looks. But he was mad keen from the start. His first campaign forced him to drop the girl he still loves—with her consent, indeed, and not knowing she was pregnant—but he didn't think twice. And he has been a first-rate Governor. Now he is equally set on nomination, sure he can do the job, and out to protect himself at all costs. As in this gambling-affair, with a moronic shooting thrown in. It was not Clelland's fault; and he prefers a scapegoat to the risk of a black mark. In his view, this is practical common sense. His friends are dubious. . . . and anyhow, all his dexterity and toughness are foredoomed.

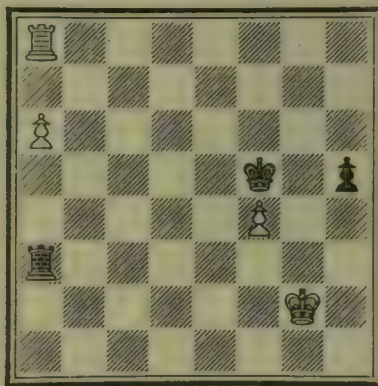
This novel stands out in its class, not by the drama—which is adequate—but by a rare degree of subtlety. In fact, it is too subtle to be conveyed in outline.

"Death of a Godmother," by John Rhode (Bles; 10s. 6d.), presents a typical murderess, strangled in bed at Smithy Farm, Badgersmead, Burdockshire. Not that Mrs. Mottisfont was a countrywoman; she took up farming when her godson, Eric Holcroft, was advised to work out of doors. She had been running him from babyhood, and his mother before him; but they had quarrelled at last, she was about to change her will—and briefly, he is the ultra-obvious person. Yet Jimmy Waghorn has doubts. Priestley, the oracle, has doubts—though his intervention is the dimmest on record. And after a good deal of gossip, and a certain obtuseness on Jimmy's part, the solution is more or less handed him on a plate. Old-fashioned, not very exciting—but agreeable.

## CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

SANDOR (Black).



KLUGER (White).

THIS position came about in a Hungarian championship game. To an expert eye, Black's game seems to be in the last throes. The main threat, P-R7 then a check by White's rook followed next move by P-R8 (Q), appears unanswerable. But Black, by fantastic play, managed to draw.

1. . . . . K-Kt5 !

1. . . . K-Kt3; 2. P-R7, K-Kt2 is not good enough because White has the BP in reserve. He continues 3. P-B5, R-R3; 4. P-B6ch and now (a) 4. . . . R×BP; 5. R-KKt8ch, K×R; 6. P-R8(Q)ch or (b) 4. . . . K×P; 5. R-KB8ch, K-K2; 6. P-R8(Q) or (c) 4. . . . K-B2; 5. R-KR8 ! R×P; 6. R-R7ch and 7. R×R would equally lose.

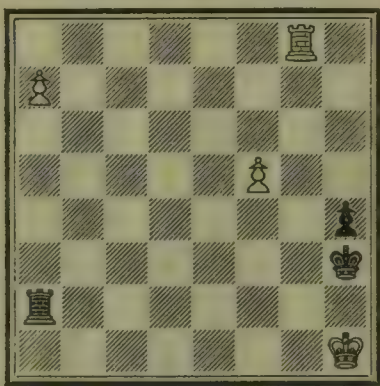
2. P-R7 R-R7ch  
3. K-Kt1 K-B6 !  
4. K-R1

4. P-B5 at once would be met by 4. . . . R-KKt7ch; 5. K-R1, R-Kt2; 6. P-B6, R-KB2 but now (White's . . . . R-KKt7 will not give check) the threat of 5. P-B5 is serious.

4. . . . . P-R5  
5. P-B5 K-Kt6 !

Threatening mate—but allowing the check he has been at such desperate pains to avoid.

6. R-KKt8ch K-R6 ! !



Now if 7. P-R8(Q), Black plays 7. . . . R-R8ch !!! Q×R stalemate.

7. K-Kt1 R-KKt7ch  
8. R×R Stalemate

## GREAT NIZAM; HOGARTH; AMERICAN AND MEDIAEVAL PORTRAITS.

THE other day a newspaper item caught my eye. It described how 3,000,000 pounds worth of currency notes, stored in trunks in the vaults of the Nizam of Hyderabad, had been irrevocably eaten by rats. As it happened, I was at that moment reading "Fabulous Mogul," by D. F. Karaka (Verschoyle; 15s.). This is the story of His Exalted Highness, the Nizam, who is reputed to be the richest man in the world. Mr. Karaka, in describing some of this wealth, records how at one period there were so many golden sovereigns in the Nizam's possession that some were stored in wagons under the porticos of one of his palaces (the weight of the gold caused the wheels to sink into the gravel) and that ultimately the gold was sent to Bombay in these same trunks. Like the others in which several Emperors' ransoms of precious stones are also stored, they are cheap but have British locks.

His Exalted Highness insists upon these last. In spite of his experiences he still believes in things British. Those experiences would, to say the least of it, have saddened a less honourable, kindly, or simple man. The Nizam is the seventh of his line and descended from the Viceroy in the Deccan of Aurangzebe—the great Mongol (or Mogul) Emperor. His State, which is half the size of France, was the leading independent princely State in India. His ties with Britain spring from the suzerainty of the British crown which earned the Nizams, probably at the time of the mutiny (when Hyderabad staunchness and Hyderabad forces turned the scale) and in two world wars, the title of "Faithful Ally of the British Government." How faithful that Government was to be to its faithful ally is the sad and, indeed, sordid story of this book. In addition to being the richest man in the world, the Nizam was probably the best and most enlightened ruler in India. Like the other princes he received assurances from Mr. Attlee, Sir Hartley Shawcross, Lord Listowel, then Secretary of State for India, and Lord Mountbatten that no pressure would be brought to bear on the princes to join either Indian Dominion. Rashly, the princes believed that these categorical assurances meant what they said. They were to be undeceived, none more so than "Britain's Faithful Ally." The Nizam's remonstrances to Lord Mountbatten only evoked further assurances of equal value. Meanwhile, Mr. Nehru, in anticipation of the withdrawal of the British, was setting in train the processes with which the world is now familiar in the case of Goa. Economic sanctions and verbal intimidation were followed by "police action," whereby the troops of Britain's faithful ally were overwhelmed by the armoured forces of Mr. Nehru, to whom Lord Mountbatten, according to Mr. Karaka (though I find it hard to believe, as it turns tragedy into farce), had written: "As you are one of the three greatest statesmen living to-day. . . ." "To break faith with the weak," wrote the Nizam in his last letter to Lord Mountbatten, delivered by Sir Walter Monckton, "causes perhaps less immediate disadvantage than to break faith with the strong, but assuredly in the end it brings its retribution." That retribution is the decline of British prestige in the East, and alas the end is not yet.

A book which gave me as much pleasure as Mr. Karaka's caused me pain is "Hogarth's Progress," by Peter Quennell (Collins; 25s.). Hogarth was essentially English, indeed the essential Cockney—independent, irrepressible, self-assertive, observant and fond of children. He was a little man (not more than 5 ft. tall), and like many of his build was liable to involve himself in unnecessary battles, the better to assert his strongly held points of view. Of his greatness there can be no doubt, and the student of the eighteenth century in England will be indebted to Mr. Quennell for his admirable book. For just as Hogarth, with his delight in inanimate objects and his eye for detail, provides an admirable guide to the costumes and customs of the mid-eighteenth century, so Mr. Quennell, by painting in the background of Hogarth's life and times, provides a most readable impression of eighteenth-century England. Only occasionally did I find myself a little irritated by inaccuracies. For example (and I write literally a thousand miles from my reference books), there was no such person as "The Duke of Chandos and Buckingham" to whom he makes several references as a Mæcenas of the early eighteenth century. It was not until a century later that the Marquis of Buckingham married the heiress of the last Duke of Chandos and became the first Duke of Buckingham and Chandos. However, to cavil at this and other small slips is in no way to stint one's admiration of the book as a whole.

Two go-getting American ladies whom I, in my muddle-headed way, have always confused are Miss Elsa Maxwell and the late Lady Mendl (Elsie de Wolfe). This confusion is cleared up for me by Mr. Ludwig Bemelmans, that charming author and artist, in "To the One I Love the Best" (Hamish Hamilton; 15s.). This is a pious and charmingly written moniment to the very ancient, very vigorous, very enterprising and (to me) very tiresome interior decorator whose house-guest Mr. Bemelmans was in California and in France. As I say, I found Lady Mendl more and more impossible with each succeeding page—but then I am allergic to dominating American females. Mr. Bemelmans' book, however,

would have been well worth publishing if only for the delicious portrait of Sir Charles Mendl, Lady Mendl's long-suffering husband, and for the terrifying picture of William Randolph Hearst in his old age.

The characters brought to life in "Six Mediaeval Men and Women," by H. S. Bennett (Cambridge University Press; 15s.), would have regarded the great newspaper tycoon with greater incomprehension than they would that favourite of their mythology, a unicorn. There is Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, revered by all Oxonians as the founder of "Duke Humphrey's End," who suffered from the perils of high position and high profits of those times. There is Sir John Fastolf, the veteran soldier (angry, valiant and litigious). There is Thomas Hoccleve, the tippling, wenching civil servant—poet, following in his beloved master Chaucer's footsteps. There is the famous Margaret Paston and the remarkable, courageous and excessively tiresome religious fanatic Margery Kempe. Finally, there is Richard Bradwater, the tenant on a feudal estate and the perpetual bad neighbour with which humanity has been familiar throughout the ages. A charming little book conveying a wealth of information on mediaeval life in the most painless possible way.—E. D. O'BRIEN.





A STRANGE AND UNEXPECTED SCENE IN THE HEART OF DENSELY POPULATED HOLLAND: THE WEIRD-LOOKING CORMORANT "ROOKERY" NEAR WANNEPERVEEN.



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**IN THE HEART OF ONE OF EUROPE'S MOST DENSELY POPULATED COUNTRIES: A CORMORANT "ROOKERY" IN HOLLAND.**

Although the cormorant is a familiar sight on most of the coasts of the British Isles, these birds are usually seen perched on rocks or cliffs, swimming or flying low above the sea, and not so many people have seen these birds nesting in trees. In an interesting article in "Natural History," Mr. Klaas Hulsbos describes a visit to a cormorant "rookery" near Wanneperveen, in the heart of the densely populated Netherlands, a property which belongs to the Society for Nature Preservation and Bird Protection. In the centre of a "pocket" jungle, surrounded by marshes, is the cormorant settlement, described by Mr. Hulsbos as "a forest of tree-skeletons, whitewashed by the excrement of the cormorants, bleached and burned by the action of the lime, overloaded with similarly

whitewashed nests, on which the dark birds contrast strongly." As can be seen from Mr. Hulsbos' photographs which are reproduced on this page, the birds build their nests in every possible position in the forks of the trees and on the branches. There is a great deal of noise and activity, and the visitor has to be prepared for the stench of rotting fish and the discomfort of wading through the soggy soil, which is covered with the accumulated droppings of years. Added to this, there is a bombardment of half-digested fish and droppings from the trees above. However, the real bird-lover is likely to find a visit to the cormorant "rookery" of such interest that the drawbacks are soon forgotten, for here is a really fascinating picture of bird life. The birds nest from March to August.



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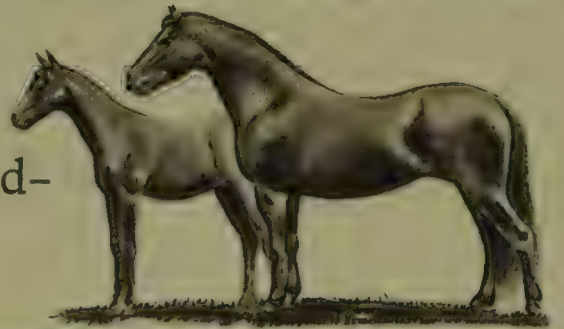
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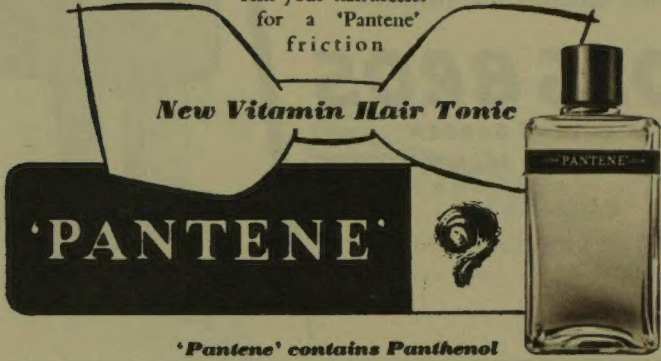


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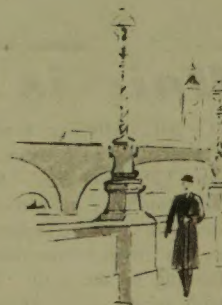
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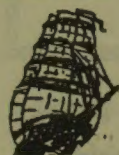
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